

The Sketch



No. 152.—Vol. XII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
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"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Every man has his ordeal of a Christmas dinner. The latter-day pessimist, a youth with a high collar, and no eyebrows to speak of, will tell you he hates Christmas Day, because of the horrid family gathering. Distant aunts come out of rural mausoleums, and hurt his susceptibilities by the way they eat nuts. He generally makes some excuse for slipping off and playing a game of billiards with the marker at the club. I have a robust friend whose delight is to join the largest family gathering in the range of his acquaintance. He is known as the Ornamental Carver. "You see," he explains, "there's always a huge turkey at one end of the table, and a joint of roast beef at the other. I preside over the roast beef which nobody wants. The conversation opens with an official statement as to the weight of the turkey. The company sit back and gasp at the thought of such a prodigious bird. Only a few days ago he was spreading his tail with the pride of his race, and gobbling turkey language to his harem; and now he is stretched upon a dish, surrounded by a little court of sausages, and soon to be reduced to a skeleton, resembling the fossils you see in museums. Well, that philosophy keeps everybody's spirits up till it is noticed that I am looking sad. There are affectionate inquiries as to my state of mind, and I reply, in a voice broken by emotion, that nobody wants beef. My little lot is pining in neglect; its damask cheek is growing quite wan. Shall a presumptuous turkey put to shame the roast beef of Old England? One Briton, at all events, will do his duty by the national joint; so I make an excellent meal, and maintain a reputation as a domestic humorist of the first order."

The most remarkable Christmas dinner I remember was rather like a Barmecide feast. I venture on the retrospect with some hesitation, for the dinner was given in America, and as American citizens, in the persons of negro waiters, had most of it, I tremble lest the reminder should embitter the intercourse of diplomacy. A merry company sat down in a hotel to a repast which seemed to disembodied itself, so to speak, without our aid. A strange, wild cookery was revealed to us, and dish after dish was sent away, in the hope that something palatable was coming later. Most of us, I believe, dined off cold ham, and drank whatever the bounty of the negro waiters vouchsafed to us. I never saw such feats of legerdemain as those officials performed with the wine. A celebrated conjurer used to play a quaint trick with a champagne-bottle. He would take it off the table, wave it in the air, make it disappear, and then find it in the waistcoat of an astonished spectator. But that was mere child's-play in comparison with the negro entertainment at the dinner. A bottle of champagne was opened, and the preliminary effervescence poured into your glass; then the bottle vanished, and the sable attendant opened another, which behaved in the same way. I was never waited on by conjurers before, and the experience was memorable. Silent, deft, and courteous, these ministers of night brought dishes we could not eat, and whisked away the wine that might have been a solace. No Arabian fantasy was ever so impressive. The climax came with the plum-puddings, imported from England, and served up as a kind of soup. Then we knew that the powers of darkness were making sport of us, and that it was futile to struggle against the weird sorcery of the American kitchen.

To me the most comforting symbol of this season is the disappearance of the torture exhibition from Leicester Square. For many months I could not pass the spot without pains in the joints. There were pictures of the Inquisition, victims on the rack, a woman with protruding eyeballs, in the embrace of the Iron Maiden, and other devices of the Christian spirit which distinguished the age of faith. In a window was a wax figure of a man who was suffering the "Spanish boot." I suppose there are people who have an appetite for such horrors; but I am glad to note that this exhibition has been superseded by an entertainment much more in harmony with the spirit of good cheer. Two ladies have been brought from Boston at "an enormous outlay" to show the rare opulence of their charms. Their portraits are in the window lately adorned by the haggard gentleman in the "boot." There they sit in sisterly accord, smiling images of peace and plenty. I have not ventured within, to see whether the reality surpasses the counterfeit presentment, for each of these ladies measures seven feet round the waist, and a rueful examination of my right arm convinced me that its prowess was not equal to the mandate. The natural impulse of chivalry was to convince these triumphs of Boston culture that, although the accents of war are shrieked across the Atlantic, they are safe under the British flag. But how can you put the girdle

of manly protection round a circumference of seven feet? Perhaps a committee of citizens might do it. I hope this suggestion will be seriously considered. What if these fair young creatures should grow thin with anxiety? Will not Boston call us sternly to account for the loss of tonnage? It is only prudent that we should take measures to avoid any risk of having to pay a heavy indemnity; and I trust that the excitable imagination of Boston will not picture these daughters of Columbia as hostages, consigned by a tyrannical monarchy to a dungeon in the Tower.

There are always busy pens at this time to help the benevolent rich in the choice of Christmas presents; but none comes to the aid of the benevolent poor. Who thinks of the hardship it is to the man of winning appearance, the man who looks like the Christmas donor, to gaze hungrily into well-stocked windows, and feel that, were commerce an affair of the heart, he would soon be laden with tokens of bounty to his friends? Full of this idea, I entered a jeweller's shop last week, and was promptly greeted as a perfectly magnificent buyer. Though my pocket was empty, I carried such an abounding goodwill in my countenance that the jeweller spread before me with alacrity his most inviting trinkets. "Here," I remarked, taking up a gold cigarette-case, "is the very thing for Jane. But I fear she will think it is not sufficiently ornamented. You could put her name in a diamond scroll, with her age in sapphire figures?" "Certainly," said the jeweller, rubbing his hands. "You see," I continued, "Jane is just fifteen. It will remind her of the happy year when she began to smoke. All my great-granddaughters have smoked at fifteen." "Your great-granddaughters!" exclaimed the jeweller, with a start of well-bred surprise. "Ah! you are struck by my appearance of youth. It is rather deceptive. Why, I bought a rope of pearls in this shop a hundred and twenty years ago. Before your time, I daresay!" The jeweller looked fixedly at me a moment, and then said, with a bow, "I am glad you have dealt with the firm so long." There is nothing like the Christmas civility of the London tradesman.

I chose a few watches, rings, and so forth, in appropriate morocco cases, and observed, "You will need quite a considerable cheque for all these." He smiled, and named a sum I have forgotten, murmuring something that sounded like "Cash preferred, if you don't mind." "I fear you mistake me," I said with grave sweetness. "This is not an ordinary transaction in the way of trade. These are Christmas Presents." He raised his eyebrows as far as politeness allowed, and replied that it was usual to pay for goods. "No doubt," I said cheerfully. "That is what I propose to do; but payment in the gross commercial sense is not for Christmas. Easter, Midsummer, Michaelmas are seasons when mere money may legitimately pass from hand to hand; but at Christmas we give and take in a pure spirit of goodwill. In the present case, I offer you a handsome cheque on my esteem, yes, a very handsome cheque, for Jane's name and age in the diamond scroll and sapphire figures have to be added to the cigarette-case, you remember. It is not necessary to write the cheque with mere material pen and ink. I draw it with mystic symbols on the inexhaustible air." Here I traced invisible characters with a finger in the unwrinkled atmosphere. "There! that is your cheque for twelve months of my unalloyed regard. I think I will take most of the things with me." The jeweller calmly removed the morocco cases from the counter, with the remark that his business was not conducted on that principle. "But you do not understand," I expostulated. "For the mere gratification of myself, for eating, drinking, and the like, I pay, of course, in the dross of the realm; but for Christmas Presents which are of no value to me, what return can you ask save the assurance of a year's admiration? It is not my habit to destroy a cheque I have drawn, but, to show you I am in earnest, I will give you another for sixteen months." I was in the act of executing this second document, when the jeweller opened his shop-door with an impressive flourish and wished me good-day.

This experience shows that some other step must be taken in the interests of the prepossessing but impecunious Christmas donor. A league of philanthropists might have a much worse object than that of providing funds for enabling me, and others in the same position, to transact business with the jeweller after the method which his intelligence apprehends. What is the use of Christmas if you cannot distribute gifts among your friends? To what end does philanthropy exist if it does not act as mediator betwixt me and the tradesman? It is too late now for wealthy benevolence to bestir itself, for here is Christmas Day, and my largesse is still in the treasure-house of the mind. But the philanthropist may give me the opportunity of sending to my great-granddaughter Jane, on New Year's Day, an elegant silver cigarette ash-tray, which is still languishing at the jeweller's, and all for the trifling sum of three pounds fifteen.

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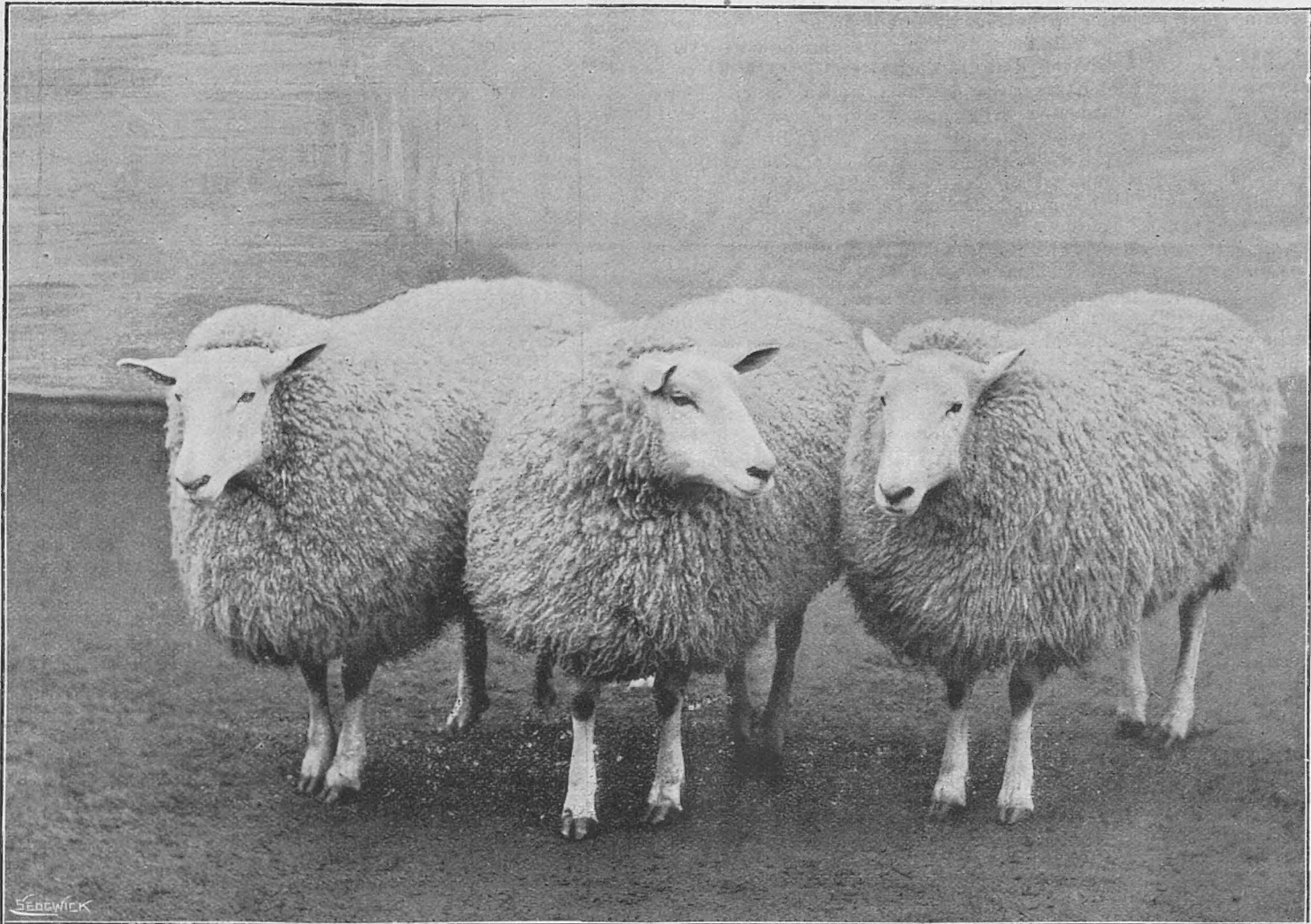
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"The Bric-à-Brac Will," at the Lyric, has been very much strengthened by the introduction of Miss Florence St. John, who is singing better than I have heard her for a long time. The fault of the piece lies in the book, which is far too involved, and is not really humorous. Mr. Frank Wyatt, the most picturesque artist in the comic-opera world, gets nothing to do—at least, not the night I saw him: but that might have been because he was lame. Mr. Harrison Brockbank sings delightfully, and is a welcome addition to the stage.

"Gentleman Joe" continues to go well at the Prince of Wales's. Here the book strikes me as being very good indeed, the first act, in fact, being one of the most neatly constructed bits of comedy-burlesque I remember.

To those lucky enough to be at the Alhambra the first night of the new ballet, the presentation to M. Jacobi was the most interesting part of what the orthodox journalist would call the "function." There was a note of sincerity in the affair—a hint of honest pleasure in the presentation of silver service, flowers, and plate to the musician, in token of the two hundred ballets—nine-tenths of them given at the Alhambra—

The new ballet is what one expects at the Alhambra, when such a title is given. Elsewhere "Bluebeard" might be converted into a story of woman's perilous search for knowledge, and the ultimate emancipation of the submerged sex. At the famous house in Leicester Square, which singed the top of my nose when it was burned down some years ago, the famous story is treated with respect. It is followed faithfully, the only innovation being the intervention of Fatima's predecessors to gain time for the arrival of the brothers: very charming ghosts they were,



MISS CLARA JECKS IN "GENTLEMAN JOE."

Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.

and might well divert a man from thoughts of murder. The mounting is gorgeous, and the cloth of golden threads and countless incandescent lights at the end staggered the audience by their splendour; while the music is M. Jacobi at his best. The one disappointment to me was Miss Florence Levey, who earned prodigious applause by mutilating an Oriental dance, and showed conclusively how completely grace and agility fail in the Italian school to make up for rigorous daily practice and stern early training. Ere now Miss Levey has been charming to me, but she should stick to her school, and she will earn less applause and more admiration. Signora Cecilia Cerri in her first dance was delightful; she has a modern personal way of dealing with the famous old technique; in the last tableau, the dance seemed ill-conceived. Miss Julia Seale has a curious charm of much value, and dances unobtrusively, with great skill. It is a pity that Mdle. Agoust did not wear the red hair which rendered her delightful as Morgiana. She acted effectively, and danced in pleasing style. The whole affair was really very charming, and my only regret is that curiosity as to the presentation discounted one's delight in one of the best of the famous ballets.

Very good accounts come from Philadelphia of the success there in opera of that charming Western soprano, Madame Emma Nevada Palmer, who seems to have been really triumphant as Violetta in "La Traviata" (a strong part, not in her usual line), and as Rosina in "The Barber of Seville." Emma Nevada retains all the skill in execution of the *prime donne* of a generation back.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons have got an injunction restraining Thomas Edward Brinsmead, Edward George Stanley Brinsmead, Sidney Walter Brinsmead, and Albert Joseph Wilcox from carrying on the business of pianoforte manufacturers or dealers under the name of T. Brinsmead and Sons, or under any other name so closely resembling the plaintiffs' name as to be calculated to lead to the belief that the business carried on by the defendants is the plaintiffs' business. They have also got an injunction restraining Shenstone, Shenstone, and Co., from selling any pianos not of the plaintiffs' manufacture as being "genuine Brinsmead" or "Brinsmead" pianos, or from otherwise representing that pianos not of the plaintiffs' manufacture are in fact manufactured by the plaintiffs.



MRS. CECIL RALEIGH IN "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER."

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

and the twenty-four years' loyal devotion to Terpsichore. The audience contributed, by a hearty and obviously honest applause, to the affair. M. Jacobi has always written with great skill exactly what was required, lively, danceable music apt to express a situation never beyond the taste of the audience, even admirably calculated to aid the dance and embellish the scene. He has the good wishes of all.



MRS. CECIL RALEIGH AS LADY KESTEVEN IN "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER," AT THE OLYMPIC.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE DRAMA IN BELFAST.

"Mephitic" is the only word which the average literary or art enthusiast finds expressive enough to describe the atmosphere of Belfast. Hence the stereotyped epitaph for the sojourner of artistic temperament who happens to die there is, "Do not pray for him—his hell is past." Pre-eminently the stronghold of the Philistine, Linenopolis boasts more



THE NEW THEATRE AT BELFAST.

rank Calvinism to the square yard than any other city in the kingdom. Possibly, with the sole exception of Chicago, no other hive of industry has made such progress within the last half-century, and yet the tone of the place remains precisely as Thackeray found it in 1843: "chiefly devoted to preaching, politics, and trade." For the past thirty years Mr. J. F. Warden, in guiding affairs at the Theatre Royal, has elected to adopt an attitude of passive resistance towards the many narrow-minded assailants of his art. With some touch of the hidalgo in his composition, he has never seen his way to retaliate after the manner of Mr. Watkins Burroughs, one of his predecessors, who, annoyed beyond all endurance by unjustifiable persecution, bethought him of reviving "The Hypocrite," and publicly invited the local bigots to go and see their counterfeit presentment in Mawworm.

Just at present, however, a glimmer of hope shows itself on the darkened horizon. Everybody is familiar with the contention of the impecunious Irishman of matrimonial tendencies, who hugged the delusion that what was a pittance for one, in some occult way became abundance for two. Mr. Warden has apparently yielded himself to the soft seductions of this argument. Not content with his elegant Arthur Street Theatre, he has set about building a magnificent new opera-house, which he purposes opening during Christmas week with a pantomime. Situate in a spacious and very central thoroughfare, it is safe to prognosticate that the new house, either in point of architectural beauty or commodiousness, will have few superiors in the kingdom.

In keeping with these unrespected traditions is the fact that the remoter annals of the Northern drama comprise some of the most striking events in modern theatrical history. It seems like an irony of circumstance now to learn that the first public memorial to an actor in Ireland was that erected in Newtownbreda churchyard in 1792 by the playgoers of Belfast to Richard Cox Rowe, a favourite comedian. A few months later the first Arthur Street Theatre opened its doors—that unprepossessing structure in which the marvellous Betty boy was fated to make his début. The spoiled child of a Lisburn linen-bleacher, Master William Henry West Betty had become stage-struck at the age of twelve, after seeing Mrs. Siddons in the unsympathetic rôle of Elvira in "Pizarro." Tutored for long by Hough, the Belfast prompter, he faced his first audience on Monday, Aug. 22, 1803, as Osman in Hill's tragedy of "Zara." The *Newsletter* spoke glowingly of the performance, and at once hailed the lad as the Minor Roscius, an agnomen which, with but slight alteration, stuck to him throughout his remarkable if somewhat meteoric career. Very soon, indeed, Belfast came to be known in theatrical circles as "the nursery of histrionic genius." This satirical appellation was in great measure justified by the début there, in May, 1805, of little Miss Mudie, aged seven, who not only attempted Young Norval, but recited a rhyming address, written for the occasion by a boy of twelve, Romney Robinson, the distinguished Irish astronomer.

In this selfsame barn of a playhouse in Arthur Street occurred the first meeting of Mrs. Siddons and Edmund Kean. Early in 1806, Kean, then an unappreciated stroller of nineteen, had made his way from Scotland to join the Belfast company under Atkins. Immediately on his arrival he learned that Mrs. Siddons was due to open an engagement two nights afterwards as Zara in "The Mourning Bride." In face of his protest that he was slow of study, the manager insisted upon his making himself perfect in the part of Osmyn. Kean did his best, but when the night of performance came he angered the audience and mortified the star by showing a very indifferent knowledge of his lines.

When he came, however, to play Young Norval to Mrs. Siddons' Lady Randolph, he was treading old ground, and sustained the character with great spirit and pathos. After the early fiasco, Kean's superb display came upon Mrs. Siddons like thunder from a clear sky. Marvelling greatly all through the performance, the Queen of Tragedy made her way, on the fall of the curtain, to the young actor, and, patting him on the head, remarked, "You have played very well, sir—very well. It's a pity, but there's too little of you to do anything." So much for her prescience! In less than a decade the despised mannikin had stormed the fortress of critical opinion in London, and from his high estate cast down the Siddons' brother, John Kemble.

Perhaps the most noteworthy event that occurred in the old Arthur Street Theatre, immediately prior to its demolition, was the last appearance on the stage of G. V. Brooke, the tragedian. This took place on Saturday, Dec. 23, 1865. Only a score of days afterwards, he was lying with the *London*, deep down in the Bay of Biscay.—W. J. LAWRENCE.

MR. TYLER AND HIS STUDIO.

The principle of always praising a man (or woman) for what he is *not*, if cynical, is also sound, and to laud England as an artistic nation must be, therefore, a welcome solatium to that public which "puts its money" into canvas as a rising investment. But, though we have some-

what emerged from early Victorian annals of the house unbeautiful, there is still room for expansion in our artistic beliefs, and one cardinal error yet remains in the oblivion to which sculpture, as a household god, is relegated in England. A well-known artist, Mr. William Tyler, has set himself to remedy this defect in the national constitution by the practical method of creating a school of sculpture. The inauguration of such an institution, which has long been in air, will soon become accomplished under Mr. Tyler's experienced direction. It is his dream that in time these schools may develop into a national importance all their own, and bring the gentle art of modelling in wax, clay, or terra-cotta into the possibilities of our daily surroundings. Mr. Tyler is at present working in Paris, where his statues are no less well known and appreciated than here. From there he proceeds to Florence, and, having completed a classic



MR. TYLER.

Photo by C. E. Fry and Son, Gloucester Terrace.



THE STUDIO.

Photo by Miss James.

holiday, will return to pursue his pet project of familiarising an ancient art among the modern Philistines. The dog shown in Mr. Tyler's photograph is a model of the late Duke of Clarence's favourite poodle, done in silver and bronze at the request of the Prince of Wales.

SMALL TALK.

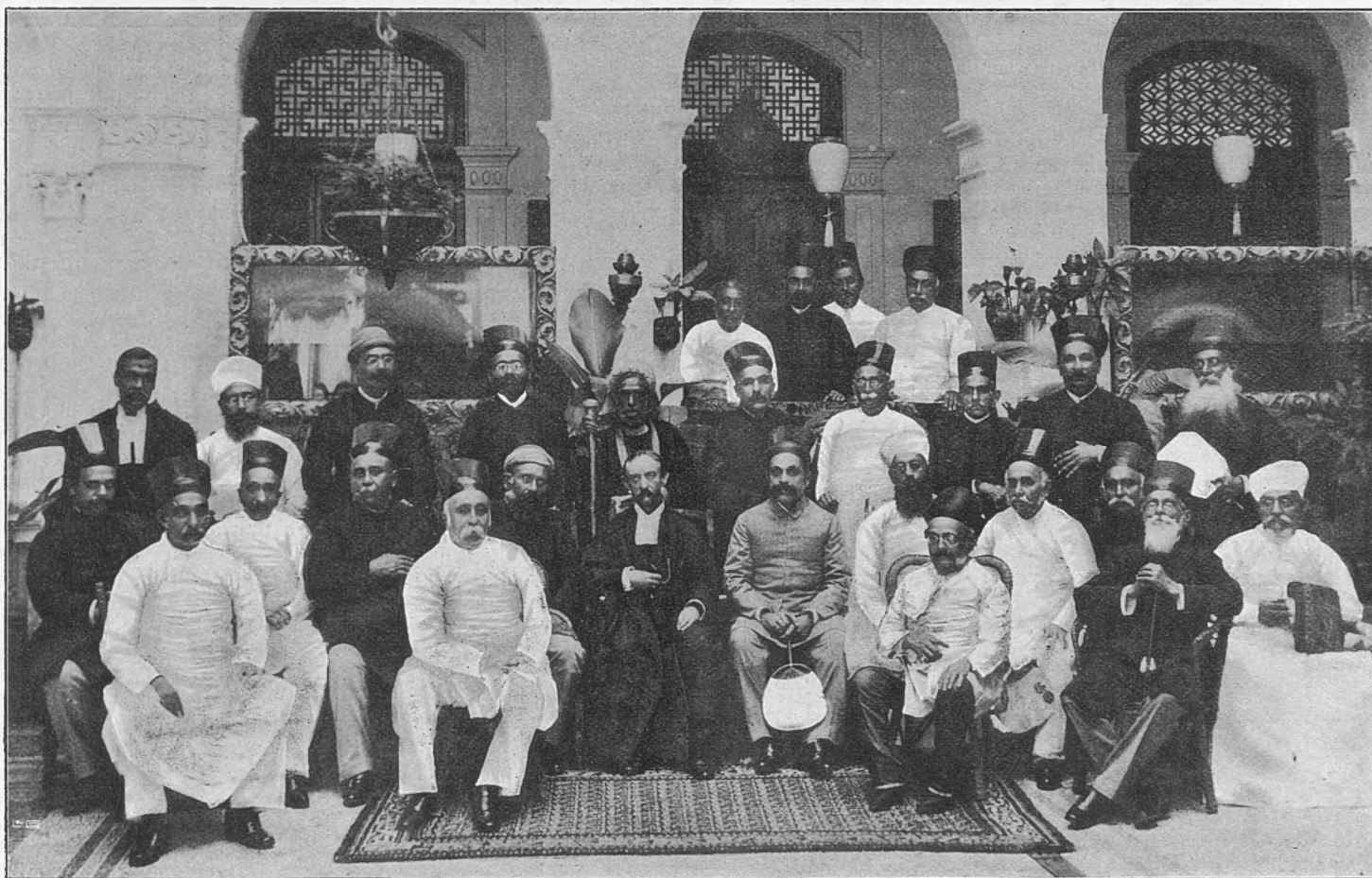
It is now almost certain that the Queen will again engage the Grand Hotel, Cimiez, for her spring sojourn on the Continent. The hotel grounds are only of limited size, but the beautiful gardens of the two adjacent villas will be placed at the Queen's disposal. Her Majesty will occupy a suite of rooms on the first floor, the sitting-room looking to the south, and commanding beautiful views of the bay and town of Nice. The Queen will be accompanied to the Continent by Princess Beatrice, the Dowager Lady Churchill, Sir Arthur Bigge, Dr. Reed, and the Munshi Abdul Karim. The Battenberg children will again reside at Mr. Cazalet's pretty villa, which is quite close to the Grand Hotel. The average outlay from the Civil List and Privy Purse in connection with the Queen's annual visit to the Continent is about £12,000.

The Queen is to reside at Osborne until about Feb. 15, when her Majesty will return to Windsor Castle, to stay there until the day of her departure for Nice.

The Queen's dinner-party on Christmas Day is strictly limited to those members of the royal family who are staying with her Majesty.

Court. The delegacy is the successor of an ancient guild, or Panchayet, which has long enabled the Parsees to settle their own disputes without resorting to courts of law. The Parsees are greatly attached to this system, and when, in 1864, they agreed to have their marriage laws made into a statute law, they stipulated that matters of fact should invariably be submitted to a jury of their own body, as heretofore. The law being now so far made certain, family disputes are of rare occurrence among them. About the same time the Parsees grew somewhat alarmed about the uncertainties of the law as to wills and succession, which was the cause of much wasteful litigation. They agreed, therefore, to accept a code drafted by an English lawyer, which the Indian Government at once sanctioned and placed on its statute-book. This gave free play to the commercial spirit of the Parsees, who in this respect are the envy of their Hindu and Mahomedan neighbours, who are still without a code of the kind. The Parsee community of delegates contains among its members two baronets, has given two members to the House of Commons, and all, we need hardly say, are held in the highest estimation by their fellow citizens.

I noted last week that the operatic class of the Guildhall School of Music were to produce "Princess Ida," and I can now say that I



THE PARSEE CHIEF MATRIMONIAL COURT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. AHRLE, BOMBAY.

The Queen never by any chance invites anybody to dinner on that day, which is by no means a "merry" anniversary to her Majesty.

Large presents of game shot in the royal preserves, principally pheasants and hares, were distributed last week by the Lord Steward, and the Queen sent a wild boar from the herd at Windsor to Sandringham for the Prince of Wales. On Saturday last, the Queen's luncheon-dishes for Christmas Day, comprising the famous woodcock-pic, a roast baron of beef, and a wild boar's head, were despatched from Windsor to Osborne.

The Duke of Connaught and Lord Lorne are to shoot at Osborne next week, and Count Albert Mensdorff will probably be down for a couple of days. There are very extensive coverts in and around Osborne Park, and the whole of the royal domain is richly wooded. The shooting on the Osborne estate has been much improved of late years, and about fifteen hundred pheasants are killed every winter. During the lifetime of the late Mr. John Brown, the shooting at Osborne was specially reserved for his delectation.

Questions of fact in matrimonial causes among the Parsees of Bombay are invariably adjudicated upon by a jury of eleven, taken in rotation from a body of delegates chosen by the great families for this purpose. The illustration shows the assembled delegates at the house of Mr. Jamshed Tata, with the Hon. Mr. Justice Jardine, of the High Court of Bombay, in their midst, who is the Judge Ordinary and President of this

thoroughly enjoyed the way they flirted in the pavilion of King Hildebrand's Palace, postured in the gardens of Castle Adamant, and trod out the measures of a war-dance in the courtyard of the same fabled stronghold. The performance was attended by some of London's civic fathers, who wore their chains of office and their archaic evening-dress; by some of the old pupils of the school, now earning their degree of fame on the stage and the concert-platform; and by the sisters and cousins and aunts of the performers. It was, of course, an amateur performance, and criticism is, therefore, out of the question; but, if it is fair to indicate what might have been said if the privilege had not been denied, we would say that the amount of adverse criticism would have been infinitesimal. Sir Joseph Barnby was in his usual place at the conductor's desk, and his bland smile indicated, probably, that he was proud of his pupils, and pleased to have the opportunity of conducting a work by his friend and fellow-student. At any rate, his pupils are proud of him, and glad to work under him. The *dramatis personæ* included a number of ladies and gentlemen who, if they desire so to do, will have little difficulty in finding honoured places on the operatic stage. Their names were: Mr. J. A. Ellerton (King Hildebrand), Mr. Frank J. Ascough (Hilarion), Mr. Herbert Harden (Cyril), Mr. Edwin Preston (Florian), Mr. Arthur Thesiger (King Gama), Mr. B. Griffiths-Perey (Arac), Mr. Alan McAfee (Guron), Mr. E. A. Puttee (Scynthus), Miss Marie Newlands (Princess Ida), Miss Maud Robertson (Lady Blanche), Miss Edith Dove (Lady Psyche), Miss Edith Clegg (Melissa), Miss Dora Fleming (Sacharissa), Miss J. L. Featherstone (Chloe), and Miss Ida Nuttall (Ada).

The Hon. William Gibson, Lord Ashbourne's eldest son, will be remembered by his Oxford contemporaries of two or three years ago for his admiration of France in general, and the French Revolution in particular. He is now going to marry up to his historic preferences, his bride being Mlle. de Monbrison. The wedding will be in January, and, of course, in Paris.

Among the private bicycles on show at the Aquarium is one with the label of the Marquis of Queensberry, and it is "a bicycle made for two." Now, Lord Queensberry rides only a single one, and I saw him on Sunday morning spinning westward past the Albert Memorial, with all the zest of a man who believes in cycling as the most head-steadying of all exercises.

I don't know whether it is native callousness or carelessness that makes Englishmen do brutal things, but in either case the brutality is reprehensible. During the last week or so butchers have bought prize cattle for the Christmas season, and, in many cases, have kept live sheep and oxen in their shop along with the dead, presumably that customers may see the class of meat they have secured. This is a piece of barbarity that one might reasonably expect to be the subject of a protest, but nothing is said and nothing is done. Yet the terror of the unfortunate animals must be very great when they smell blood, and they are often to be seen in a restless or nervous condition. There is a popular idea that animals have no sense of discrimination, that they can see their companions slaughtered without any feeling of unrest. The idea, like many others, is fallacious. Sir Benjamin Richardson, who is one of the greatest authorities on the subject, has come, of late years, to the opinion that animals can quite understand when their companions are being done to death. This being so, I think it only reasonable to presume they must be conscious of the nature of their surroundings in a butcher's shop, and all kind and humane people should warn their meat-purveyors against continuing an utterly offensive practice.

Christmas is a time-honoured and respectable institution, for whose sake I suffer the good wishes of my friends, countless attacks of indigestion, the blackmail of apparently every hard-working person who has met me during the year, and a few other trifling inconveniences. But the worm will turn, and, after spending three days in the country, I must emulate the creeping thing. Let me be inundated with Christmas cards; let me be the victim of dances and dinners; let me be blackmailed until the last piece of family plate has left me; but let me be preserved from the people who sing o' nights to celebrate the season and gather tribute from householders. For two nights I have listened to fiends singing carols in every possible variety of time and every conceivable absence of tune, while presumably sane people suffered it, saying, "Poor people, they are doing their best!" and encouraged the offenders with shillings and things of that sort. Let me avow, under shelter of these friendly columns, that it was I who, some few miles from town, unchained a certain house-dog when it was too dark for the carollers to see he was muzzled; that it is to me they owe the results of the stampede, in which certain unmusical instruments perished. Nay, more, I glory in my villainy, and, should the plague of minstrelsy return again, I will keep the dog without food for half a day and let him out muzzleless, despite the County Council.

It is really too bad of some of the correspondents of our contemporary, the *Daily Graphic*—and just at Christmas-time, too, when that amusing actor, Mr. Victor Stevens, has written a pantomime on the subject for the Richmond Theatre—to try and convince us all, in the most matter-of-fact and unsentimental manner, that the cat of Lord Mayor Whittington was not the beloved animal of our childhood's affection, who, regardless of etiquette, chased rats and mice all over the dinner-table of a foreign potentate—a delightful creature whom, over and over again, we have seen gambol upon the metropolitan stage, but a mere unromantic, uninteresting trading-vessel, which made Sir Richard's fortune by fetching and carrying at a period when shipowners were not so numerous as at present.

I must say I was pleased to see that someone sent a drawing of a dumpy-looking boy nursing a thin-tailed pussy, the original of which, done in stone, he declared was once at the Whittington mansion in Gloucestershire. I am sure I hope he was right, for I am strongly in favour of the feline part of the legend; but I cannot forget that our ancestors were fond of punning in their pictures and their monuments, and the "cat" in question may have been only a play on the marine "cat." One writer, of a good many years ago, says that "the celebrated Whittington was a member of the Company of Mercers. How far the rise of his fortunes was connected with the cat which makes so great a figure in his legend it is not very easy to ascertain. It seems probable, however, that one of those animals was really a source of advantage to Whittington." On reaching this sentence I felt quite cheered; but, alas! my spirits soon fell again, when I found that no reason was given as to why it seems probable, &c., nor is the kind of advantage hinted at. Being at home with a very bad cold, I felt more than ever disinclined to relinquish a warm, furry, insinuating, comfortable cat, such as I saw on the hearthrug in front of me, for a nasty, hard, wet, wooden ship; and, suddenly remembering that I possessed a copy of an ancient chronicle entitled "The Nine Worthies of London," which was published by one Richard Johnson in 1592, I turned eagerly to this record of City heroes. This really

quaint production tells, partly in prose, partly in verse, how Fame journeyed to the Elysian Fields, and awoke from comfortable slumber nine Lord Mayors, who reposed upon a rose-covered bank, "all in a row." Sir William Walworth, who was Lord Mayor in 1374, and again in 1380, was the first to tell his story (By the way, the chronicle is arranged something after the manner of a Dickens Christmas Number), and very proud he appeared to be of having "stabbed my dagger to his damned heart," the said heart, of course, being poor Mr. Wat Tyler's. Then came a Potter, one Sir Henry Pitchard, who makes an atrocious pun on the "pitchards" which he forms in "slimy mould"—quite a pantomime pun, indeed. Following Pitchard the Potter, I find Sir William Sevenoke telling a pretty little tale of how he was found when an infant under "seven oaks near a small town in Kent," of how he went to the wars with Harry V., and fought a single combat with the "Dolphyne of France." This worthy was Lord Mayor in 1418. He left money to build a free school at Seven Oaks, which, I believe, still exists. Then we have Sir Thomas White, a Merchant Taylor, and Sir John Bonham, who went to Denmark and won distinction, and later fought the Turk. I notice that he plays his own trumpet to admiration, but there is nothing said in this connection about the European Concert. There are four more worthies, Croker, Hawkwood, Caverley, and Malevorer, the last a crusading grocer of great piety and renown; but, alas! there is no Whittington among them. How Mr. Richard Johnson was so remiss as to leave out his namesake, Sir Richard Whittington, four times Lord Mayor, I really cannot understand; and I am sadly afraid that even three hundred years ago that unlucky cat was looked on as an apocryphal animal, or surely Fame would have found it asleep in the knight's arms on that rose-covered bank apparently devoted to Lord Mayors; and had Fame done so, she would never have omitted to "call" so interesting a couple.

The Navy League is making rapid progress. A special Ladies' League is being started, and it is hoped that the Marchioness of Londonderry will consent to be its President. If the fair sex do for the Navy, always so popular, what they did for that modest flower the "Yellow Primrose," then the new league should indeed prosper.

"The Key of the Pacific," as Mr. Archibald Colquhoun calls the Nicaragua Canal, forms the theme of a new American patriotic naval drama, "The Man-o'-War's Man." The hero, an American, Captain Conway, escapes from St. Petersburg, where he has been condemned to death as a spy, and is present, *incognito*, at the meeting of a War Council at Sebastopol, thus hearing of a fell scheme on the part of England, France, and Russia to seize possession of the Canal. Of course, through Captain Conway, the great Republic is warned in time, and, pouring her troops into Central America before the allied forces arrive, effectually vindicates the Monroe Doctrine. The scheme of this drama seems to be laid out boldly, and the tone appears just suited to the votaries of "Spread-eagleism."

At previous Christmases I have enlarged upon the marvellous fecundity of various pantomime librettists, and now I must note that one of the ablest of the craft, Mr. Fred Locke, is this season providing his sixteenth consecutive book to a Glasgow theatre.

Miss Emma Gwynne, that handsome and accomplished actress who is doing such capital work in Miss Nellie Farren's company at the Opéra Comique, is sister-in-law of Mr. George Edwardes. Her husband is Mr. Edward Sass, who held a leading position in Australian theatrical circles during his stay in the Antipodes. Mr. Sass and Mr. Edwardes married sisters, the second of the two, known formerly as Miss Julia Gwynne, having in the course of her stage career appeared successfully alike in Gilbert-and-Sullivan opera and in old comedy. A not unnatural association of ideas leads me to add that another lady who has rendered Mr. D'Oyly Carte good service, Miss Esmé Lee, is sister of that popular and ubiquitous gentleman Mr. Walter Pallant.

The "star" part in a new farce by C. H. Hoyt is being played by a celebrated baseball-player, long the shining light of the Chicago Club, the gymnasium of which institution is presented with verisimilitude in the course of the play. This Captain Adrian Anson, familiarly known as "Pop Anse," will no doubt, like J. J. Corbett and J. L. Sullivan before him, improve as an actor as he acquires experience of the boards.

Good accounts come from the West Countree concerning the start of the provincial tour of Mr. C. J. Abud's South "Trilby" Company, which has been appearing with success at Plymouth, Exeter, and Torquay. Mr. Laurence Irving makes an impressive Svengali, Miss Lizzie Ruggles is, of course, charming as Trilby, and Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Arthur Helmore, Mr. Ernest Bertram, and others, are doing their work well. I can quite see Mr. Laurence Irving as the musician-mesmerist.

An American writer has been saying some very nasty things about certain well-known dramatists, whose names I will not mention. One is "a little man with a red beard, who looks like a greengrocer"; another "has the appearance of a bad actor in a cheap company"; a third and fourth are respectively "naneyfied" and "eccentric-looking," and others are compared with "a priest in a good parish," "a family physician," and "a book-keeper in a wholesale store." Personal remarks of this kind are amusing to most people—except the victims themselves, of course.



MISS FANNY BROUGH AS LADY HILYARD IN "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER," AT THE OLYMPIC.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

The dinner given the other night in Edinburgh by the Scottish Arts Club had its chief interest in the personality of the guest of the evening, David Masson. Professor Baldwin Brown, the Professor of Fine Arts in the University, presided, and Art was well represented by the presence



FRONT OF THE MASSON MENU-CARD.

of Sir George Reid, Sir Francis Powell, Mr. Hole, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. McKay, and Mr. Heidmann; Literature by Mr. George Saintsbury, Professor Butcher, and Mr. Hume Brown; while Science had medical votaries present in the President of the Royal College of Surgeons (Dr. Struthen) and others. An interesting innovation was the presence of ladies, including Lady McNee, Lady Reid, Mrs. Butcher, Miss Flora Stevenson, and Miss Louisa Stevenson, of the latter of whom it may be said that her short, pithy speech in responding to the toast of the ladies came very near to being "the" speech of the evening. Professor Masson, referring to the smoking in the presence of ladies and to the menu-card, spoke of the splendid support rendered to him by Shakspeare on the one hand and Milton on the other. "Shakspeare," he said, "sees all its originality, all its grace, and perceives, also, the tolerance of tobacco, which does not occur in his vocabulary—in fact, which he never used himself, as far as we know, though I believe he used it secretly. You see in his physiognomy a combination of all those states of mind which would be called forth had he beheld the present scene. He is tolerant, he is sly, he is sympathetic. On the other hand, Milton beholds with a little conception. He, however, did smoke, and, therefore, it is not the pipe that strikes him as objectionable, it is something else. I think it is partly in the condition of the man whom he is obliged to support along with Shakspeare." In his characteristic speech, Professor Masson had much to tell of the Edinburgh of the past, of Dr. Chalmers, "one of the very greatest and noblest men," of John Wilson, Sir William Hamilton, Sir Daniel McNee, and David Scott. This pillar of Aberdeen granite, as Dr. Masson was happily called by Professor Baldwin Brown, ended thus—

May all future meetings of this club be attended with conviviality, for I do not think there can be conviviality merely where there are only solids on the table. I think some administration of liquids is always necessary. It has been so since the beginning of the world, though at present and recently there have been attempts to make conviviality represented solely by the solids. I do not, for my part, think it would quite do. At present we cannot quite suppose that Scottish people should meet together and say to each other with relation to that portion of the entertainment—

And surely ye'll be your caraffe,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak' a sip o' lemonade
For auld lang syne.

The menu-card was designed and drawn by Mr. Hole, R.S.A.

Did King Solomon import horses from Spain? Well, did he? A great Spanish archaeologist, Lopez Martinez, is sure he did, and a German man of letters, Leo Anderlind, says ditto. Both these authorities agree that the horse went from Europe to Asia, instead of coming, as popularly supposed, from Asia to Europe. Horse fossils found in Spain date from the prehistoric period, long prior to the immigration of the Aryans, some 2000 B.C. The merits of Iberian horses, famous three thousand years ago as now, were sure to be known to the wisest of men, and the convey of horses from Spain to Palestine was not difficult to accomplish by the sea-route, the Phœnician navigators of the day being at once traders with Spain and great friends of King Solomon. Moreover, the sum stated in the Old Testament to have been paid to King Hiram for materials for the building of the Temple is stated by modern appraisers of such materials to be in excess of their value, and it is now supposed to include the price of the thousands of horses Solomon possessed.

It is not, perhaps, too late to refer to an incident indirectly connected with George Augustus Sala. On the day following his death I received from a friend a copy of the Life of Charles Dickens written by Sala when the author of "Pickwick" had just died. The book came by first post with some letters, and, having read the latter, I glanced through the former, and noticed that it was an old and rather rare edition. Then I read the introductory chapter in which Sala laments the death of the great author, in some remarkably well-chosen sentences. Just as I finished the page my man brought in breakfast and certain daily papers. I opened the first of them, and read of the death of George Augustus Sala at Brighton. I knew he was ill, and not expected to recover, but it seemed very strange that, without knowing of his death, I should read an "In Memoriam" article from his pen. The book had been sent to me by merest accident, for the letter accompanying it said that the sender, while moving, had found two copies of the book in his library, and knowing that I am a sincere admirer of Dickens, he sent me his second copy. Many of my readers probably know the book, which was written in Sala's best vein, and displays at once a commendable power of choosing apt words and expressions, together with an utter inability to write a connected and regular narrative.

Of Sala, the Bohemian in letters and art, I shall expect to read many and divers versions of the early preparation for the work of his gifted journalistic life. In one of the morning papers, he is said to have glided into journalism by engraving woodcuts for Albert Smith's *Man in the Moon*. I have never heard of his ever having engraved a single woodcut; indeed, in a letter written to me in 1881, he makes "a by-the-way" reference to our early acquaintance. "I was," he goes on to say, "a lad raw from a theatrical painting-room, struggling hard to pick up a livelihood by drawing caricatures for the *Man in the Moon*, edited by Albert Smith and Angus Reach. Mr. Ingram, to whom this comic journal belonged, gave me much encouragement; but soon it fell into other hands, and my poor talents in this line were diverted to other sources, and which ultimately proved more profitable." Herewith I reproduce the frontispiece which Mr. Sala designed for a journal called *London*.



The Chelsea Hospital for Women has for some time suffered from dissensions among the medical staff. For the hospital's sake, it is well that these have reached a crisis; and, as is common in such cases, nobody seems to be much to blame. Dr. O'Callaghan, a visiting surgeon (and no fees for his visits, either!), found fault with the resident medical officer of the hospital. A woman had been operated upon by Dr. O'Callaghan, who had insisted that he should be sent for if any change in the condition of the patient required further attention. In this instance, the resident medical officer, fearing hemorrhage, undid the bandages to make an examination. Both parties acted in the best faith, but here you have a nice technical point of etiquette, and the profession beloved of Robert Louis Stevenson is still vastly excited by etiquette. The result is that there are wigs on the green at Chelsea, and the doctors of England are interested spectators of the combat. The Governors of the hospital suggest, as a way out, the resignation by Dr. O'Callaghan of his honorary post. But resignation may spell misunderstanding, and Dr. O'Callaghan is well within his rights to insist on an arbitration. Meanwhile, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., has withdrawn his name as an honorary officer of the hospital, by way of protest in favour of Dr. O'Callaghan, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck are likely to be drawn into the current of the controversy.

The steamship *Moyune*, Captain Kemp, manned by a Chinese crew, the largest vessel which has navigated the Manchester Ship Canal, was built specially for the trade, by Messrs. D. and W. Henderson, on the Clyde, for the China Mutual Steamship Company. She arrived in Manchester



ENGINEERS AND FIREMEN.

on Sept. 7, to load for her first voyage to the Straits, China, and Japan, and, her crew being the first Chinese crew to arrive in the port, considerable interest was manifested. Her dimensions are: length, 440 ft.; breadth, 48 ft.; depth moulded, 29 ft. 2 in.; and speed, 13½ knots; classed at Lloyd's, 100 A1, 3 deck; net register, 2272 tons; gross, 4260 tons; dead weight, 6500 tons; the ballast carried being 1500 tons. Her engines are triple-expansion, and of 800 horse-power.

I daresay other people, like myself, have had their breath taken away by the recent controversy respecting the discovery that a book written by Leo XIII. had been placed upon the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," commonly but incorrectly known as the "Index Expurgatorius," some years before he was raised to the Pontifical Chair. The first Index properly so-called was that of 1557, but the great one is the Trent Index, issued after the meeting of the famous Council. A reprint of this, and the much later edition of Innocent XI., with Spanish supplements, lie before me as I write. Strictly prohibited were all works of an immoral tendency, and doctrines of every shade and degree of heterodoxy, but a book might quite well receive the *imprimatur* of the Papal authorities after having undergone the process of expurgation. To write anonymously, and without specifying the names of printer and place, was also an unpardonable offence.

These are the days of hill-top and tip-top novels, and a top-coat will be that of the late Turkish Ambassador. The precious coats lined with sable and fur are bequeathed by Rustem. Only hints and glimpses of these wonderful linings were given by his Excellency to the common eye; but the most beautiful of them is, it is said, already in course of transformation, and will be the outer garment of the fortunate lady into whose possession it has passed.

A sapient Ohio judge gave, the other day, the most extraordinary ruling that, under State law, theatrical managers have no power to sell reserved seats after the rise of the curtain. Fancy, in London, not being able to buy your stalls or dress-circle seats at the Gaiety or Prince of Wales's after eight o'clock. The decision seems preposterous, and altogether unworkable.

Here is the lady champion tennis-player of New Zealand, her triumph being all the more wonderful in view of the fact that she is handicapped by a physical infirmity. Miss Hilda Maude Hitchings, the young lady in question, was born with only one arm. With the left hand she holds the racquet with three fingers, and the ball with remaining finger and thumb. A slight toss of the ball, followed by a smart, twisty tap with the racquet, results in a fast, low service, which is anything but easy to take. Miss Hitchings stands 5 ft. 11 in. in height, and her tall and lithe figure, and commanding reach, combined with accurate placing and nimble activity, secured for her the coveted Champion Cup presented to the ladies of New Zealand by Messrs. Slazenger and Sons, London. In the coming annual tournament Miss Hitchings will have to contest against a lady well known on English lawns, and great interest is centred in the match. Besides her tennis ability, the New Zealand champion is noted for her dexterity in everything she undertakes, and specially with her needle.



MISS HITCHINGS.

Photo by Ferrell, Napier.

At one point, even if one only, I am all in all with the County Council, and sincerely hope their action will "confound the politics" of those who would attach to the proposed "Imperial Opera-House, Haymarket," a brick-and-mortar parasite in the shape of residential flats. In London, with five million inhabitants, it ought surely to be possible to make such an undertaking pay without resorting to these undignified means of eking out a dividend. What is a lasting ornament to Paris should be equally so in our own capital; and it is to be hoped that public spirit will for once successfully contest private speculation. The appearance of an opera-house dependent on adjacent flats for support in the off-season should move all nine Muses collectively to tears.

The subject of the accompanying portrait may, in a double sense, be styled a poetess of the *People*, for she is the brilliant contributor of verse since 1889 to the popular newspaper of that name, while she has proved her mission as the bard *par excellence* of the millions who spend their lives in honest and honourable toil. Kate Bishop, under the *nom de guerre* of "Kay Bee," after a while collected her sweet flowers of verse into a nosegay entitled "The Kay Bee Ballads," published in book form by Messrs. Marlborough and Co. Of late, she has strayed into other fields, especially into *les Champs de Mars* of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, where the scarlet uniform of British military heroes represents the flower of manhood. She was born five-and-twenty years ago on St. Mary's Isle, Kirkcudbrightshire. To the influence of her surroundings while a child in "gallant little Wales" perhaps some of her martial spirit may be ascribed—at any rate, her tender, poetical feeling is evidently traceable to her mother's lovable nature. Miss Bishop has a book, "The Heritage of Song," in the press.



MISS KATE BISHOP.

Photo by Frank Dickins, Sloane Street, S.W.

Yet another burlesque of "Trilby" has been produced, and in distinctly appropriate surroundings, the occasion being the Smoking Concert of the Oxford University Dramatic Society, in whose ranks



"TRILBY" AT AN OXFORD SMOKER.

Photo by Soumes, Oxford.

Miss Dorothea Baird first made her mark. Owing to this now historic fact, some of the jokes in the burlesque might have seemed somewhat cryptic to the average London playgoer, but the latest "Trilby Triflet" provoked hearty amusement in its Oxford setting. It was, I believe, the joint work of Mr. James Hearn (Brace-nose), and Mr. Paul Rubens (University), who also appeared as Trilby and Svengali respectively. Mr. Hearn, the lion-comique of the present generation of undergraduates, was intensely funny as Trilby. He should have a brilliant career in the future on the professional boards, which can boast of few better comedians. His Falstaff, in the forthcoming O.U.D.S.

revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," is awaited with much interest. As Svengali, Mr. Paul Rubens displayed considerable aptitude for extravagant burlesque, and many of his points were admirably made.

A few months since, I announced that the railway world was about to lose one of its best-known and most prominent figures, in the person of Mr. G. P. Neele, who for thirty-five years had been Superintendent of the Line of the London and North-Western Railway. The public shortly afterwards learned that the Queen had summoned Mr. Neele to her presence, and, having expressed to him her regret at his intended retirement, and her complete appreciation of his constant attention to herself and all the members of the royal family during the numerous journeys they had made for many years over the London and North-Western Railway, had presented to him a proof engraving of Tuxon's "Royal Family Gathering at Windsor, 1887" (Jubilee Year), bearing her Majesty's autograph signature. Not satisfied with this, the Queen subsequently sent to Mr. Neele a massive silver tea-tray, with a flattering inscription upon it, and these gifts, together with the splendid chiming clock which Mr. Neele received from her Majesty when he had completed his hundredth journey with the royal train to and from Scotland, and a splendid oil-painting of Windsor Castle by Richard Elmore, have enabled Mr. Neele to establish quite a "Royal Corner" in his drawing-room.

Last week Mr. Neele was waited on at Watford by Mr. Robert Turnbull, successor to Mr. Neele in the position of Superintendent of the Line of the London and North-Western Railway, Mr. James Shaw, of Liverpool, the *doyen* of the District Passenger Superintendents of the Line, and Mr. Joseph Bishop, Traffic Superintendent of the Company in South Wales, who had been conjointly delegated to make a series of valuable presents to him. These included a handsome landau (the work of Messrs. Slatter and Son, of Long Acre) and a horse, and a beautifully illuminated address, to which were appended upwards of six hundred names, including those of the General Manager, of the other chief officers of the Company, and of members of the staff generally in all departments of the service. In addition to the gifts of the Queen, Mr. Neele has been the recipient of a large embossed silver bowl from the ladies and gentlemen of the royal household, past and present, of a silver tea and coffee service from the superintendents of the railway companies of Great Britain and Ireland, of an address and silver epergne from the guards of the London and North-Western Railway, and of other souvenirs, and, I believe, I am committing no breach of confidence in stating that yet another presentation is to be made to him by the general public, who are indebted to him for many acts of courtesy and kindness during his long business career.

The wedding of Mr. George Stanley Cary, Royal Irish Rifles, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Cary, of Follaton House, Totnes, with Miss Lisette Chichester, third daughter of Lord and Lady Fitzwarrine Chichester, took place at the Catholic church of St. Peter and St. Edward, Palace Street, last week. The Rev. Canon Moore officiated, and, after the ceremony, a reception was held at 61, Eaton Square. Only immediate relatives were present, the wedding being quite private. Mr. Stanley Cary was attended by Mr. Noblett, a brother officer, as best man, the bridesmaids being the bride's three sisters.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Bank Holiday Meetings, as a rule, are not much good to backers of favourites, perhaps because good jockeys are scarce, but the Kempton people are to be congratulated on obtaining a fixture for Boxing Day, as this means money, especially if the weather be fine. I notice Hurst Park, not to be outdone, have captured Dec. 30 and 31, so that Londoners who enjoy steeplechasing are well provided for during the holidays. Since Sir C. Scotter has reigned at Waterloo the railway arrangements to the suburban meetings have been much improved, but they are not yet all they might be, so far as Hurst Park is concerned.

Competition is a capital thing, so far as stay-at-home sportsmen are concerned. The managers of the tape machines are now fighting tooth-and-nail to outdo one another in the matter of getting winners, results, and S.-P.; the consequence is we get the runners and the results in London before they are put up on the board on the course. So far as the runners are concerned, this is easily done, but with the one, two, three the case is different, and we often get "corrected from course" now. The old Pressman's motto was, "in doubt leave out." I commend this to the young men who are just now trying to lick creation.

I had a nice long chat with Mr. Mason, who superintends the racing-staff on the course. He tells me the telegraphic arrangements are perfect at the majority of the South Country meetings, with the exception of Newmarket. It is a shame that the Stewards of the Jockey Club do not give up more space to the requirements of the telegraph operators, and I hope the papers will keep on agitating until we get our way. Strange to relate, the office in the town of Newmarket is perfect in every way for dealing with any number of telegrams, and certainly the time has arrived to improve matters at the Rowley Mile Strand.

I am glad to see Mr. C. Thompson riding so well again. He has some useful horses in his stable, and should do well with them this season. Mr. H. M. Ripley is another amateur horseman who has improved wonderfully in his riding of late, and he is now able to hold his own against the best of the professionals. He learnt his riding on the exercise grounds, as did the Hon. R. Ward. It is a very costly experiment when amateurs ride in public before they have graduated in the home school, and many good horses have been turned into rogues through having been ridden by incompetent gentlemen riders.

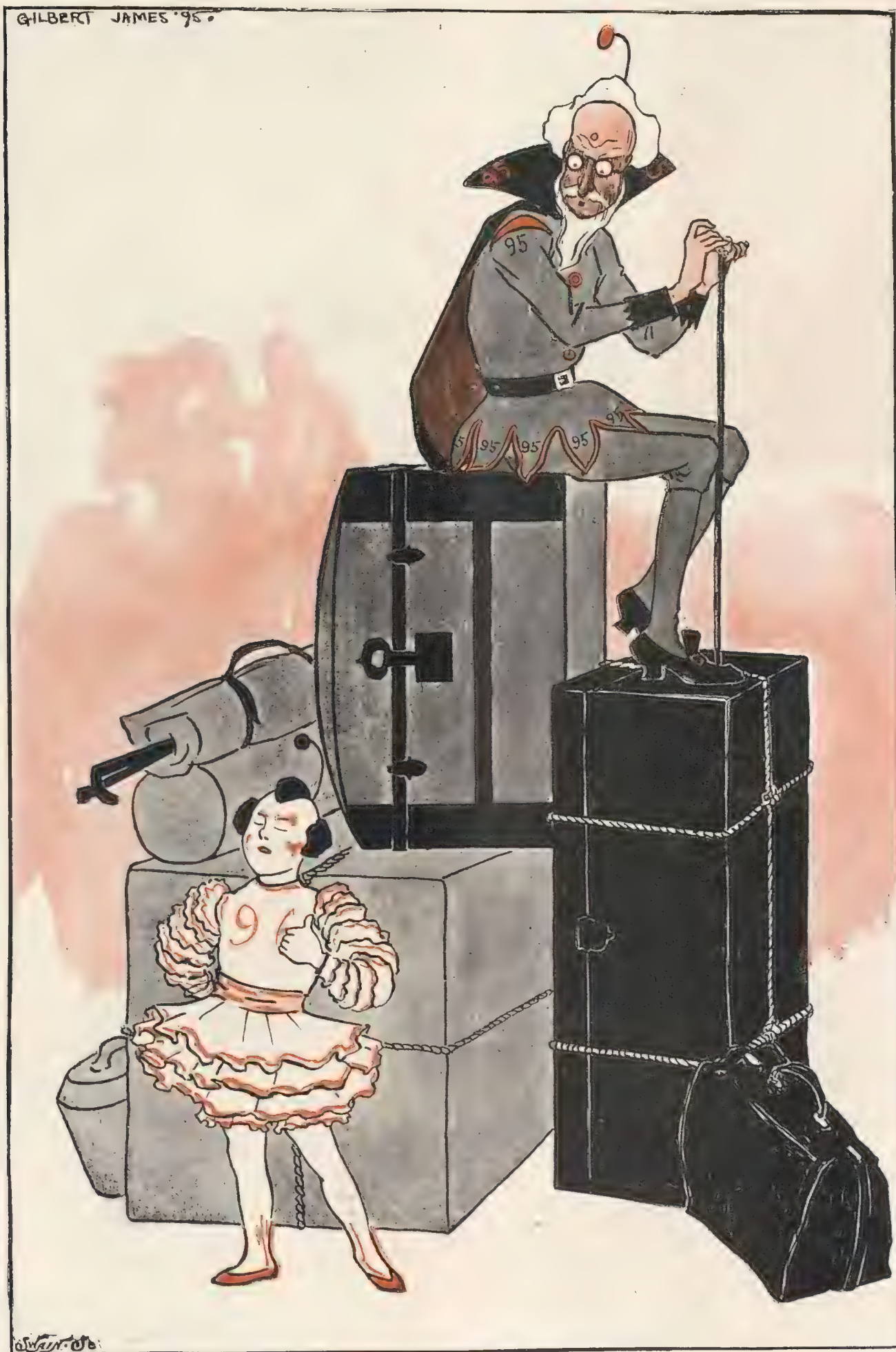
My Newmarket correspondent reports a clean bill of health among all of the coming classic performers. He inclines to the opinion that the three best three-year-olds at Newmarket will turn out to be St. Frusquin, Bucephalus, and Persimmon. Perhaps so, but from information received, as they say down at "the Yard," I shall expect Regret to win the Derby of 1896. If I am rightly informed, Regret is the best tried two-year-old the Kingsclere stables have sheltered since the days of Ormonde. We all know what John Porter did with the dark St. Blaise, and the still darker Common. So we must not despise Regret.

The Prince of Wales, as all the world knows, takes the liveliest interest in horses, especially the thoroughbred, and I am told his Royal Highness is going in largely for the breeding of thoroughbreds in the future. If rumour is not at fault, it is very likely the Duke of York's colours will be seen on a racecourse next year, and I am told several recruits from the ranks of our nobility will join the Turf. The Duke of Marlborough will run several horses, and Lord Falmouth, who has hitherto confined his attentions to breeding, will, I believe, have a few two-year-olds in training. About the time his Lordship's father won the St. Leger with Dutch Oven, the present Lord Falmouth took the liveliest interest in racing.

The Marquis of Londonderry contends that big prizes have been the making of the Turf. This is open to question. Of course, the Turf is really and truly supported in the main by the rank and file of racegoers, who go merely to bet. Now, it is a remarkable fact that the big "Frankenstein monsters," as a sporting journalist terms them, attract very little speculation, and, as ante-post betting-mediums, the majority of the ten-thousand-pounders have been utter failures. Further, the majority of the big prizes have gone into the hands of the rich owners.

If the powers that be take no notice of betting, more's the pity, as I think place betting at steeplechasing ought not to be allowed. It encourages the flogging of beaten horses unnecessarily, and is often a direct incentive to butchery. It sometimes happens that the winner comes in the length of a street in front of the other competitors. Then the whalebone exhibition begins, to the disgust of all humane sportsmen. The poor horses so served generally belong to little men, and not to the big *coup* planners, who like their horses to finish as near last as possible, unless they can win comfortably. I fancy the ruling classes in certain hurdle-races and steeplechases are to blame for a deal of inhuman riding.

There are any number of men other than bookmakers who make "books" on racing and sporting subjects. Sir Claude de Crespigny is about to give us his reminiscences of racing, ballooning, soldiering, sailing, &c. Mr. John Porter, of Kingsclere, too, is about to give to the world the facts of an honourable and busy life. Already Mr. John Kent and Mr. William Day have written useful books about racing. Harry Custance, the ex-jockey, published a very readable volume of his life's history as a rider. The late Sir John Astley's contribution to literature was amusing and instructive, and the two handsome volumes compiled by Sir George Chetwynd are well worth studying. Then we have the "Badminton Library Series" and Beacon's "Horsebreeder."





"Then, heigh ho! the Holly!
This life is most jolly!"

MISS KATE CUTLER AS TRILBY, AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



EAST AND WEST WITH MARIE LLOYD.

There is probably no more popular artist with music-hall audiences at the present than Miss Marie Lloyd. I had received orders to write an interview with her for one of the large New York dailies, and, through force of circumstances, I was perforce compelled to conduct the said interview in her brougham, as she drove her nightly round of five halls.



MISS MARIE LLOYD.
Photo by Brooks, Leeds.

It was of great interest to watch the varied tastes of the different audiences. In the East—at the Varieties, Hoxton, or the Queen's, Poplar—the songs that seemed most admired were of a very different calibre to those that were the favourites at the Tivoli and Pavilion, in the West, while the audiences at Sadler's Wells seemed a sort of half-way house between the two extremes.

The first song of the evening was sung on the stage of the Varieties, Hoxton, and of the three songs sung—"Near Thing," "The Rich Girl and the Poor Girl," and the Bicycle song—the

second made far and away the biggest hit. The last song, in which the lively *chantrice* appears in the "rational dress," seemed to strike some of the fairer members of the audience with dismay, and I overheard one buxom-looking lady observe to her escort her firm resolve not to adopt the fashion.

From the Varieties to the Queen's, Poplar, was a not very long drive, and as Miss Lloyd made her appearance she was familiarly greeted with shouts of "Bravo, Marie!" "Wot cher, Marie?" and other equally friendly ejaculations. As at Hoxton, so at Poplar. The different methods of the rich girl and the poor ditto seemed to suit the sympathies of the members of the audiences far better than the adventures of the unfortunate cyclist, though their loyalty to their arch favourite compelled them to give her the same unstinted applause for the latter. *En route* to Sadler's Wells a rather touching little incident happened, as, coming up the Mile End Road, a bevy of small girls suddenly appeared alongside of the brougham, and, with a yell of "Good luck, Marie!" something was seen flying into the brougham window, which, unfortunately, hit Miss Lloyd and cut her mouth, though not severely. On examination, it



MISS MARIE LLOYD.
Photo by Brooks Leeds

proved to be a huge box of expensive sweets, with a note, from several young girls in the district. This was not the only present she got that night, as at the stage-door of the Varieties she was presented by some East-End girls with a huge cut-glass bottle of scent, and much delighted they were when she started to kiss them all round. But to resume the journey at Sadler's Wells. "Trilby," or rather, Marie Lloyd's version of Du-Maurier's heroine, was substituted for one of the other songs, and, though as a song it went well, few of the audience, I ween, knew much of the "lady of the altogether." I had various inquiries among the audience as to who Trilby was, and why she wore no shoes. The Bicycle song, on the other hand, was thoroughly understood and appreciated, as was another innovation, entitled, "What's that for?" From "the Wells," whose glorious days of the Phelps have long, alas! departed, a move was made to the Tivoli, and thence to the Pavilion. How different the class of audiences at these two places, how thoroughly they understood and appreciated every line of Trilby O'Ferrall up to date, the Cyclist, and the Baby song; but though the applause at both these places for Marie Lloyd's songs was magnificent, it was no warmer, and certainly not so uproarious, as that in the East-End halls, where the "gods" knew her kindness of heart, and that, for weeks past, and through the winter months, Marie Lloyd is, out of the riches she makes by her singing, paying nightly for one hundred and fifty beds for the homeless and destitute of "Darker London."

THE NEW BIANCA.

Miss Mabel Love has been a great success in "His Excellency" in America, where she has been figuring as Bianca. Unlike most dancers, she has been ambitious to get speaking parts, and as Bianca she has had



MISS MABEL LOVE AS BIANCA IN "HIS EXCELLENCY."
Photo by Savory, New York.

her wish gratified, and has lived up to the chance. The rôle of Bianca, of course, gives her an opportunity not only of showing her skill as a dancer, but also as a comedian, and before now Miss Love has shown that she can act, although she will probably remain most popular as a dancer. Love, even in a century that produces Miss Lanchesters, will always have its devotees, and its namesake, the dainty dancer, has troupes of courtiers.

There are heroes in degrees—
For instance, such as these
Who died at Badajos or Salamanca;
And other people choose,
To pay tributes to the Muse,
Or historians like Freeman or Von Ranke;
But more would give the glove
Of honour to the Love
As the fascinating figure of Bianca.



MISS MARIE LLOYD AS "TRICKY LITTLE TRILBY."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

A PAINTER OF THE GRUESOME.

ANTOINE WIERTZ'S EXHIBITION AT BRUSSELS.

Everybody who dallies a day in Brussels pays a visit to the Wiertz Museum. Not but that there are pleasanter ways of spending an afternoon in the Belgian capital. You can loll on a seat in the Bois de la Cambre,



ANTOINE WIERTZ.

listening to the band, while strings of bicyclists flash through immemorial avenues of trees. Or you can sit at a marble-topped table in the Boulevard Anspach, sipping syrup, the busy life of the city flitting before you in a glare of white sunlight. Still, the Wiertz Museum must be seen, as to visit Brussels and not to stand before the mammoth and gruesome pictures of this overpraised painter is like stopping at Baker Street and not seeing Madame Tussaud's.

The name of Wiertz has become a synonym for all that is huge and horrible in art, and English people put themselves in trim for

the Wiertz Museum with much the same feelings as they prepare for a visit to the Morgue. They set their teeth, they string their nerves taut, and then off they go to the little Brussels suburb where the Wiertz pictures hang solitary. There is really little occasion for such heroism. Wiertz is—well, Wiertz, but not really horrible. The very obvious is seldom very horrible. The mad woman boiling her child's leg, which is reproduced on this page, is disgusting, but not terrible. Wiertz has suffered from his friends. He has been overpraised to such an extent that one would think he sat alone on the very pinnacle of Parnassus, whereas he was nothing more than a splendid *poseur* and experimentalist, with a vivid imagination and an undisciplined talent for drawing, to whom notoriety was the breath of life. He would wade through seas of blood (in paint) sooner than lose the applause of a single pair of hands, and he determined that his name should be in men's mouths at any price. That he refused to sell his pictures, that he lived on poor food, that he flouted leisure, that he was indifferent to life's little pleasures, mean nothing more than that his craving for notoriety was so gigantic that it overwhelmed and killed all desire for the rational distractions of life. The time has gone by for calling these idiosyncrasies signs of genius. You lived at the right moment, M. Wiertz. In these days you would have been chaffed out of the Chelsea Arts Club. It is Ouida who is chiefly responsible for the extravagant laudation that has been besmattered over the name of Wiertz. Here are two gems from her appreciation sold at the door of the museum: "His name is as a planet which only the eyes and lips of those educated in his science can turn to and name." "He



NAPOLEON IN HELL.

had the genius which awaits martyrdom, and grows great beneath its shadow," and so on.

Briefly, the facts of Wiertz's life are these. Born at Dinant in 1806, at an early age he found a patron who brought him to Brussels, where he came under the influence of Rubens, and lived very laborious days. At twenty-six he drifted to Rome, read Homer, and, by his own confession, determined to measure himself with Rubens and Michelangelo. He made a beginning by painting a picture called "The Greeks and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus," which, according to contemporary accounts, created a tumult of interest in Belgium. "He was the lion of the season," we read; "His cup of glory ran over the brim"; and kind old Thorwaldsen remarked, "This young man is a giant." Then Wiertz turned his eyes to Paris, but the Salon jury skied "The Greeks and Trojans." The blow was "a fearful one," for poor Wiertz had counted upon grasping glory at a bound. Art for its own sake, the desire to do good work, because that is a good thing to do in this world, the passionate longing to express himself for his own gratification, were nothing to this young man. Because Paris did not fall headlong at his feet, he became melancholy; a "penchant for the horrible, the grotesque, and the fantastic grew upon him," and, disgusted with the world, he soared into the hero of the Wiertz Museum, and trod the path that led to his becoming one of Ouida's ewe lambs. He declined to sell his pictures, because "to-morrow I may find something to correct"; but he painted portraits



HUNGER, MADNESS, AND CRIME.

to keep the domestic pot boiling. Finally, his "Triumph of Christ" brought Belgium to his feet, and the grateful burgesses built him a large studio, on the condition that he should give all his works to Belgium, to remain undisturbed on the walls of the museum at Brussels till the end of time. He died in 1873.

A few mornings ago, finding myself at Brussels, I turned my steps to the studio where Wiertz worked, which remains in much the same condition as at the time of his death. A low, white house, standing in a garden, somewhat battered by time, with the foliage of many years' growth relieving the nakedness of the walls, it might be a middle-class school were it not for the bold gilt letters, "Musée Wiertz," blazoned across the front. A flagged passage leads to a barn-like hall, bare as the waiting-room of a London hospital, save for the pictures. These fill the four walls, and may be divided into sacred, classical, and charnel-house subjects. The sacred and classical subjects are mostly the size of the outside wall of a forty-pound house. The men have limbs like young oaks, sinews like horses, and heads like the gnomes in a Drury Lane pantomime. In appearance many of the large pictures are as lustreless as the eye of a sea-lion, but on this count Wiertz must be held guiltless, as he worked in a medium of his own invention, which resulted in what has been called "unpolished painting," the effect being that it is possible to view the pictures in any light without being troubled by reflections. You see huge demons writhing in contortions, and tumbling into bottomless pits. Here are Homeric heroes fighting for all they are worth; there is Polyphemus with an olive-tree for a stick and a drinking-bowl the size of a hip-bath. They remind one of Rubens in hysterics, and, the preposterous characters of the subjects apart, do not lack vigour of handling and bold draughtsmanship. To give Wiertz his due, he certainly had an amazing gift of industry and a powerful, if extravagant, imagination. He is of the school of Rubens and Doré, but he was entirely wanting in any feeling for natural grace, and apparently knew not the meaning of the word "reticence"—a quality always evident in art that pretends to be of the first order. The conditions of his lonely, moody life in that bare studio no doubt aided this



LE SOMMEIL DE L'ENFANT JÉSUS.

IN THE WIERZ GALLERY, BRUSSELS.

brutality. It is good for no man to work alone, in spite of Feuerbach, who proclaimed that "to know life a man must separate himself from life"; and least of all can loneliness have been good for a man of Wiertz's morbid temperament. Some sane friend with the saving gift of humour could surely have laughed him out of the bulk of these house-wall pictures, or those other unpleasant subjects in which his soul delighted.

His choice of subjects might be pardoned if only one could think he had a serious artistic motive in painting them. But the mechanical means he adopted to add to the sensationalism of his pictures hardens the heart still harder against him. He was a past-master in those theatrical tricks by means of which the directors of exhibitions in some provincial towns heighten the attractions of their wares. Some of the pictures in the Wiertz Museum are hidden away behind deal screens, with an inviting



THE AWAKENED CORPSE.

little glass peep-hole artfully let into the woodwork. The ingenuous catalogue remarks that this contrivance was intended "by the artist to give greater vividness to his productions, which leaves the visitor at liberty to see them or leave them as he thinks fit." O naïve M. Wiertz! Hermit though you were, did you ever hear of mortal man or woman who, seeing a peep hole in a wooden screen, would elect to pass by on the other side of the room?

Well, what sort of a man in appearance was this Antoine Wiertz, who set out in life to combine the excellencies of Michelangelo and Rubens, and who came to painting a picture of a mother boiling her baby's leg in a cauldron over a slow fire? His portrait, which is reproduced here, hangs in the Wiertz Museum, framed in black wood; and Ouida herself could hardly deny that he looks a *poseur*. In the studied disorder of his dress and general attitude, he challenges the autograph portraits of famous English Royal Academicians that hang in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. It is a thoughtful face, and, perhaps, it is not entirely Wiertz's fault that his beard looks as if it had been hired at Clarkson's. I am told, on good authority, that the dress is merely the dress of the period; but surely, even in Brussels at that period, they eye-hooked their gowns decently over their shoulders. For all Wiertz's mild aspect, he had a very short way with his critics. In the museum is a caricature called "Don Quiblague" (the don who boasts), which is a portrait of a certain art-critic who had "the misfortune to displease Wiertz by some one-sided and unfounded criticisms." Wiertz chose this gentle method of revenge, and so the bold art-critic's features pass down to posterity. "It must be mentioned," adds the compiler of the catalogue, "that, after the exhibition of 'The Triumph of Christ,' this art-critic became one of the greatest admirers of the artist whom he had so displeased."

The three pictures by Wiertz that illustrate these pages are neither his best nor his worst. Neither are they the most horrible of his conceptions, although, happily, one would have to seek far and diligently in other directions for more gruesome specimens of art even than these. "Napoleon in Hell" is a work that would have interested the Great Conqueror. He, the victim of undying consciousness, stands with folded arms and set face, the devouring fire curling about him, while those whose homes his victories have made desolate shriek and taunt him with the severed limbs of men who have died that his destiny might be fulfilled. Pleasant idea, is it not? No wonder Wiertz decided after much solitary communing not to sell his pictures. I shrink from giving an adequate description of "Hunger, Madness, and Crime." Let the catalogue speak:—"A mother, driven to insanity by hunger, has destroyed her child, with a view to actual cannibalism. The artist has shrunk from no circumstances of terror." No, that was not Wiertz's way. "Buried Alive" might serve to illustrate a Christmas Eve story. The unfortunate man has died during a visitation of cholera, when the poor dead are so hurried upon their last journey. Buried while still alive, he awakes in the tomb, and, bursting asunder the wretched fastenings of the pauper coffin, thrusts out his hand piteously into the dim light of the tomb. I am glad to think that this number of *The Sketch* contains merrier pictures, to which you can now turn.

LEWIS HIND.

THE LETTER THAT WAS NEVER POSTED.

MY DEAREST HEART,—You will never get this letter, and so I can say what I please, and my woman's modesty—that ungrateful thing for which girls make so many sacrifices—will never be one whit the worse for my frankness. Frankness was a virtue in pagan times, and I wish it were so yet; but King Candour died of a sunstroke, and masks are prettier to see sometimes than the poor faces that God gave us. But if I were a pagan girl, and the lost Pleiad had shone upon my birth, I would have said long ago, "I love you, dear." And I say it now, quite shamelessly—I love you. I loved you the second time I met you, my dear heart. The first time I was aware only of kind, scrutinising eyes, and a hand that held mine longer and closer than a mere formal introduction warrants. And there were holes in my glove. I am frank, you see. Then we met again. Your health had failed, and the motherly impulse was stirred in me, and so I loved you. At first only because I was sure that my nature answered the needs of yours, that your sweet temper and long patience called, somehow, for my obstinacy and hopefulness. Then I thought no more of reasons: you were you, and I was I, and that was enough. But the very limitations of my nature were hard on me, dear. I wanted to bear your occasional fits of depression for you, because I was physically the stronger: and I could not. Then the business cares that brought lines into your face I would have shared—and you would not let me. You were not understood of the people in whose tents you sojourned; and, though I tried to make them hear and see, I could not. And when I felt you were in need of active help rather than passive sympathy and answered to the call, I thought: but my work was futile. And my sympathy was so poor when it came to clothe itself in words—and you would not read my eyes, dear heart: and what was I to do? What but write feeble, futile letters, ending fatuously in "Yours sincerely"? Did you *never* guess—never once? Did you never know that I wanted to be poor with you, that I would have been proud and glad to stint and spare with you—beg with you—die in a ditch with you? Anything so long as our ways lay together. I never passed your pictured face without laying passionate lips against the cold glass that covered it; I never touched your hand without a hurry in my pulses; I never saw the door close between us without a cold touch on my heart; I never said a prayer that did not hold your name. And all the while I was prosperous and successful, and you were not. I was half-way over the delicate plain called Ease, and you were patiently trudging down the hill Difficulty, with the packs of three men on your shoulders. Oh, my dear, my dear, my dear! how hard I begged that my path might lose the sunshine, and yours win it. But it never did. And now I am young no longer; I am hard and middle-aged, and my eyes have lost their colour, and my dark hair is turning grey, and I have nothing left to give you, except this poor avowal, and this you will never see. But if you only could, if these were but the days of the sweet meddlesome elves that, with aid of silken clue, or sudden wound, or white deer, brought the Prince always to his Princess's arms—if some mad, sweet, happy chance gave this letter into your hands, what would you do, I wonder? Oh King, King Cophetua, you who think the beggar-maid rich and fortunate and contented, would you hold out gracious hands to me, and lift me up, and give me one of the kisses I am starving for? I am Esther, and I am at the King's feet, crying to him for a life dearer than any kinsman's—for the King's own life. Will the King hear and lift me up? My King, I know you will not, and so I bid you farewell—better than I have done these lonely years that might have been so blessed.—Yours, ELLA.



IRISH TERRIER TYRONE, THE PROPERTY OF MR. T. H. FERRAR.

WINNER OF THE "REFeree" TRUE DOG STORY COMPETITION.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

It is not easy to overestimate the worth of the lithographic show by Mr. Whistler, to which we referred last week, on view at the Fine Art Society's Rooms. Let it be once for all understood that here is the work of an artist who knows exactly how to work in any and every medium which he chooses for himself. When he etches, he etches; when he paints in oil, he uses oil as only the greater artists in oil know how to use it; and when he uses the lithograph, he uses it quite, and separately, in his own and in its own way.

Such reflections bring one back naturally to the earliest days of the lithograph, when it was supposed that its invention implied no more to the world of art than a method of easy reproduction. The first users—we cannot say artists—of it, indeed, vaunted their machine on just this

with such dignity as he, that nobody had any real doubt as to the event of the election. Mr. Herkomer, too, has been made Vice-President of the Old Water-Colour Society; the *Daily Chronicle*, noting the fact, and that "no such office appears in the last catalogue," wonders "if the post has been created as a sort of compensation for Mr. Herkomer's loss at Oxford," and further imagines "that there are other members more intimately connected with the English art of water-colour painting than Mr. Herkomer." With all which observations we are heartily inclined to agree.

So the Royal Academy is about to open its arms to the French Romantic School of Painting at last, and has taken the most commendable resolution of devoting a room at the forthcoming Old Masters' Exhibition to a collection of French pictures by masters ranging from David to Corot. For such an event we entirely agree with a contemporary in being heartily thankful. The result of the persistent neglect on the part of official artistic England of this great school has been that our National Gallery, which contains the best examples of nearly all the best and worst schools in the world, possesses none whatever of these great French painters. We possess the "Derby Day" on the one hand, and Rembrandt's "Rabbi" on the other; but we have never a Corot, never a Daubigny, a Millet or a Rousseau. Perhaps the novel and wholly praiseworthy attitude of the Royal Academy may act as a serviceable hint to the ruling powers of the National Gallery.

Mr. Percy Sturdee's Japanese Exhibition at Clifford's Gallery, in the Haymarket, is full of exceptional interest. Mr. Sturdee, in a word, paints not from outside, but from the very interior of Japanese life. He does not merely note a scene, a passage, a flying effect, a harmonious grouping of dresses—he goes inside and catches the Jap in the intimacies of his daily life, doing all those things which are not casually beautiful, but which are essentially Japanese, and, therefore, in most aspects, essentially artistic. A courtesan decorating herself with costly raiment, and with those combs which—such is her proud privilege!—



PHYLLIS.—MISS EDITH SCANNELL.
Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

very score—on the ground that, once a masterpiece was produced, it is possible to reproduce it in any numbers. What these same gentlemen would have thought of our more modern photographic methods of reproduction we can only suspect; they would probably have considered their possibility far to outshine the possibility of the lithograph.

And here the handiwork of man appears artistically triumphant; for, wherever it is the work of the human hand, and not of the machine, to produce the actual line of the final results, whether those final results are mechanically reproduced or not, there comes in the possibility of art; and, as each kind of art boasts its own medium, so it came to be discovered that the lithograph had uses of its own, apart from the baser employment of mere reproduction. In face of the fact that there happens to be at present in London a lithographic exhibition which recalls and emphasises these truths, it has seemed worth while to tell them over, like an old tale. For, in the multiplicity of aimless pictorial shows, it is well that, now and then, a great artist should come along to point a moral and adorn that old tale.

The New Gallery is always breaking out in fresh places, and generally with admirable effect. The latest purpose of the directors is to organise an exhibition of Spanish work from the remotest dates of the Middle Ages—which will, therefore, include specimens of Moorish art before the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella—down to the present time. The opportunities for such an exhibition are extremely interesting. Anyone who remembers the splendid Valasquez Room, a few years back, at the Old Masters' Exhibition at Burlington House, will greet this news with enthusiasm.

It was a matter of course that Sir Frederic Leighton should have been re-elected to the Presidency of the Royal Academy, despite the curious rumours that had been afloat concerning his health and his desire to relinquish a post the most arduous duties of which he has already been compelled to forego. But it is so obvious that while Sir Frederic lives no other figure could stand at the head of the Academy



JAPANESE COURTESAN AND HER ATTENDANTS.—PERCY STURDEE.
Exhibited at Clifford's Gallery, Haymarket, W.

she alone is permitted to wear; two little servants stewing in their baths; little effects of candle-light upon the Japanese face and garments—these are the effects that Mr. Sturdee gives us with felicity, gaiety, and occasional admirable brush-work.

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

XI.—TRANSPLANTED.

The cab was piled with luggage, and within sat a young matron, her cheeks fresh as the meadows she had quitted but a few hours ago. Long Bill, lurking on the limits of the railway station, caught a significant nod from the cabdriver, and at once started in pursuit.

Long Bill was not very tall, but had limbs so excessively slender, and so meagre a trunk, that his acquaintances naturally thought of him in terms of length. When unoccupied, which was generally the case, he let his arms hang straight, and close to his sides, as though trying to occupy as little room in the world as possible. He walked on his toes, rather quickly, and almost without a bend of the knee; his back was straight, and the collar of his filthy coat always turned up, to shield the scraggy, collarless neck. Observe him in motion at a distance, and you were reminded of a red Indian on the trail. Catch sight of him suddenly close at hand, and his sidling, furtive carriage made you anxious about your pockets or watch-guard. By his own account, Bill was nineteen years old, but he had the wizened face of senility: his hairless cheeks hollow over tooth-gaps, his nose mere cartilage, his small eyes a-blink, yet eager as those of a hungry animal.

For more than a mile he ran along by the laden cab, and seemingly without much effort: when it drew up in front of a comfortable house, Bill sprang to the door of the vehicle.

"You'll let a pore young feller help with the luggage, lydy? I've ran all the w'y from Victoria."

He panted his mendicant humility, and with a grimy paw shook drops from a scarce visible forehead. The fair young matron regarded him with pained, compassionate look.

"You have run all the way from Victoria? Certainly you may help, of course you may!"

She alighted, entered the house, and stood there in the hall watching Long Bill as, with feverish energy, he assisted a servant to transfer trunks and parcels. Relatives pressed about the lady, but she could not give them due attention.

"Look at that poor creature. He has followed my cab all the way from Victoria, just to earn a few pence! Oh, these things are too dreadful!"

The simple heart of this lady was a law unto itself. She had possessions, and spoke with authority. In happy moment, Long Bill had pursued the wheels of her cab. Holding money in readiness, she talked with him. Could he not get work? What was his story? Where did he live? To every question Bill made fluent reply, panting oft, and squeezing the rag which served him for headgear. Work! Only give him the *chawncel*! See what it was to be rigidly honest: not since yesterday at this time had a morsel of bread passed his lips. Work! He threw up his eyes in appeal to powers supernal.

"Come and see me to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

His immediate wants provided for, Bill passed the evening in contemplation. He felt no prompting to impart to anyone the wonder that had befallen. Very punctually next day did he present himself at the area-door of the comfortable house, and silently he was led to a room where the lady waited for him. To various searching questions he again answered with a tremulous candour which had its full effect. Then, bidding him listen and perpend, the lady offered her suggestion. Far away from London, in very beautiful country, she had a house, with gardens and fields, and there, if so it pleased him, William could support himself honourably by the labour of his hands—could learn the rural life, could gain health and strength, could forget the horrors of his early years. Was William disposed to consider this? The head-gardener, an estimable man, would direct and encourage him. He would receive wages, and eat the bread of independence. What said he?

William once more threw up his eyes, and, in very truth, knew not how to respond; but his face answered for him. Very well; he should have this chance of proving his sincerity. In a day or two the arrangements would be complete. Let him come again, at a time appointed, and be in readiness to quit London. Meanwhile, he must purchase the decent clothes of a labouring man; herewith, money for that purpose. Let him be faithful, and the sun of happiness would henceforth shine upon him.

In less than a week, behold Long Bill, answering now to the name of William Higgs, transplanted to quite a new sphere of existence. His lodging was in the cottage of a farm-labourer; his duties led him to the kitchen-gardens of the old manor-house, where Mr. Brown, grave and suspicious, set him primitive tasks with the fewest possible words. William looked as though he had fallen from the moon. He was vastly uncomfortable in his clean, new clothing; he stared at everything and everybody; he stood on guard against possible attacks, and kept wondering whether, if he climbed to the top of a hill not far away, he would be able to see London. The fact that he had travelled for three hours by an express train did not affect this speculation. Never in his life had William felt so hopeless, so purposeless.

By the directions of his benefactress, he was abundantly fed, and such advantage did he take of this novel experience that, on the second day, he began to suffer from an alarming disorder. A severe pain oppressed his breathing, and his heart throbbed violently; at length, utterly overcome, he lay gasping as if for life. A doctor had to be summoned. Soon there followed a second, and no less violent attack: William had secretly eaten two large cucumbers and a pound of cheese; he paid the penalty. Work, from the first not only distasteful, but difficult, was for some days impossible.

Presently it appeared that he had caught a very bad cold; he was threatened with congestion of the lungs. Writing to the lady of the manor, the doctor explained to her that William's constitution had suddenly broken down in consequence of the great and sudden change. There would have to be care; figuratively and literally, this poor fellow had as good as no legs to stand upon; he seemed ripe for all manner of diseases. If his diet and habits were not strictly regulated, the result might be lamentable.

A month went by. William had pretended to work, but always gave up on the plea of weakness; he looked very miserable, and did not talk much; his cough was bad. One day, after spitting on the gravel walk, he showed the gardener a red stain. Mr. Brown, though he did not like William, looked troubled.

"Ever seen that afore now?"

Ruefully and resentfully, the other declared that he had never known what it was to have anything the matter with him. Then he went apart into a quiet spot, and lay on the grass, and was beset with terrors. Moreover, a great wrath awoke in him: he cursed the place and the people, and above all, the well-meaning lady who had sent him into exile. Far-off London called to him with irresistible lure; he longed for the streets, the noises, the smells, for his old companions, for the lurking-places of his homeless nights. Money he had none; as yet his weekly wages only paid for board and lodging. But, with or without money, he would get back to London. His purpose must be secret; if the enemy got wind of it, he would be forcibly detained.

That evening he contrived to make a stealthy entry into the grape-house, and to cut the roots of all the vines. Early the next morning he did the like damage to a number of rose-trees. A poor revenge, but it soothed him. Suspecting that his malfeasance among the vines must soon be discovered, he held himself in readiness for flight at any moment; and while listening eagerly for every word spoken by the people about him, he sought new forms of mischief. His troublesome cough kept him in mind of the wrong he had suffered; it urged him to malicious activity. But before he could do anything worse than pinch blossoms off certain valuable plants, the alarm struck upon his ear.

"Hoy! London Bill! Mr. Brown wants you, and look sharp!"

It was one of the under-gardeners shouting from a distance. In sudden terror, in a mad desire for liberty and home, he slunk rapidly out of sight, then took to his heels.

In the night, at a village some twenty miles away, the constable came upon a tramp who lay helpless by the roadside. "Severe hemorrhage from the lungs," said a doctor. And, but a few days later, William Higgs was again transplanted—this time to a yet more quiet locality, where no work would ever be asked of him.

TRILBY—LOOKING BACKWARDS.

When Anno D. 2000 comes—
And then there won't be things called "slums,"
While men will be the best of chums,
And A. will never kill B.—
The happy people then alive,
In looking back to '95,
A mystic puzzle will contrive
In asking, "Who was Trilby?"

And in that Socialistic year,
When earth will be a heaven, I hear,
And everyone, instead of beer,
Will drink the primest "Gilbey";
When none will work, and all will play
At golf or skittles every day—
I think I hear the *savants* say,
"Now, who on earth was Trilby?"

And when they learn, they'll wonder why
The ancients praised her to the sky,
How Little Billee came to cry,
And how he could so ill be.
When hygienic laws defeat
The high-heeled shoe, each girl you meet
Is almost certain to have feet
As fine as those of Trilby.

They'll marvel to themselves, no doubt,
That matrons made a fuss about
The model's manners—why the shout
Against her could so shrill be.
For, with the Communistic cause,
Emancipated girls won't pause
To think about the marriage-laws—
They'll understand poor Trilby.

They'll wonder in that age, I think,
Why people squandered seas of ink
On Trilby (and on Maeterlinck).
And ask where could the thrill be.
'Twere hard to prophesy her doom,
And yet there isn't any room
To doubt the universal boom
That now surrounds Miss Trilby.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Look at the lieye yer 'usband giv' me."

"Oh! so *you*'re the woman 'e's payin' attentions to!"



DE TROP.

AUBREY DE VERE: I wish to goodness you'd go away, waiter!
 WAITER: Excuse me sir, but I'm responsible for the silver.



FAIR DOG-OWNER : I always did think men were mad to bathe on these frosty mornings, but it's really rude to shout at me like this.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Christmas is the season of peace and goodwill, as our friends, clerical and journalistic, are never tired of reminding us; and it really has come to be a time of much real friendliness among men. We all, or nearly all, are driven by convention to tempt the terrors of the indigestible, of plum-pudding and mince-pies, and to indulge overmuch in wassail, negus, old fruity port (so-called), and new fiery sherry; and the survivors have the sympathetic tenderness of those who have escaped a great peril.

Then, too, Christmas is a season when we grasp to the full the beneficent fate that permits us all to grow up. It is the time when the Child is rampant, by traditional licence. There is not even the excuse of pleasant weather for leaving him out of doors all day. An English winter rarely furnishes much opportunity for any exercise beyond the catching of colds. And a cold is a serious thing nowadays. Our forefathers, as our elders are fond of telling us, did not cocker up their children as we do, but let them run about as they chose and get over their colds as they could. This is, indeed, an instance of the proverbial wisdom of our forefathers; and it has, no doubt, helped to retard the lamentable tendency towards over-population. But we are too tender now to bring our children up, or occasionally down, in this heroic manner. Also coroners and their juries are apt to notice such réversions to ancestral wisdom in an unpleasant manner.

Christmas to most parents is the time when the children are at home, and have to be amused, have to be taken to pantomimes, and provided with toys, and allowed to eat deleterious dainties, and generally to be the centre of creation for the season. This is a heavy burden even to those parents sufficiently atavistic to regard their own children with special interest, instead of overflowing towards all children with the cheap sentiment of the philosophical communist. It is not without reason that schools are lengthening their summer holidays and shortening their winter vacations.

I would venture to think that Christmas, as regards its social significance, should be made a movable feast. Of its religious importance this is not the place to speak; but, as I believe that it is almost certain that the date is wrongly chosen, this would seem to be the best of (ecclesiastical) reasons for retaining it where it is. But the turkey and plum-pudding should be taken by each family when it feels best able to afford or to assimilate them. Or different sets of families might have different Christmases, just as I once recommended their taking different Bank Holidays. Then we should have a constant moderate demand for certain provisions all the year round, instead of a huge rush and then a stagnation. The theatres would escape alike from the ante-Christmas "slump" and the Boxing Night "boom." Christmas bills and Christmas boxes would be spread over the year, and would not induce a temporary poverty among householders, and a temporary wealth among postmen. We should be spared the annual Christmas article in the daily papers, which is enough to make the most devout turn Pagan; and, best of all, we should be spared the Christmas Numbers.

To be sure, these latter have lost their original character. Their contents no longer, except in an occasional rejected Christmas card design, remind us of the "festive season." They are written in summer or spring, and come out in autumn. In most cases they are mere bundles of stories and illustrations, bearing somewhat the same relation to their weekly issue as the weekly "budgets" to their evening papers. They have latterly shown a gratifying tendency to diminish in bulk and improve in quality, and their "chromos" may be looked on without acute pain. But all this progress is only towards extinction. In eliminating Christmas, they have destroyed their own *raison d'être*. By the time Christmas comes, they have long been read by the very youngest, and their coloured pictures pasted on screens. Why should not our weeklies have quarterly extra numbers—timed to come out at different periods, so that there should be a fresh one every week? Why have this rush of competing anachronisms, and then a chromoless monotony?

A laudable departure has been that of the jokes, and letterpress generally, from that hardy annual, *Punch's Almanac*. The gazer may turn over the pages without fear of the bleatings of Mrs. Ram. "For this relief much thanks"; but why stop there?

Dear *Punch*, you've cut the letterpress,
In answer to our strictures;
Next year, achieve a full success
By leaving out the pictures.

Another survival that might with advantage be doomed is the traditional *Truth* Christmas Number. The idea of a yearly satirical

summary, a sort of literary *revue*, is a good one, were it carried out with any freshness; but it is always the same, and this year more so than ever. An immeasurable pity seizes one at beholding all those miles of prose, neatly sawn into lengths, and with a rhyme nailed on to each length—and all done by hand, too!

Tell us not in Christmas Numbers
That the Throne is out of date;
Leave the Peerage to its slumbers,
And the County Magistrate
These are subjects worn and shabby,
And, if you pursue them more,
We shall come to find our "Labby"
An unmitigated bore.
Jokes there are around for finding,
If you only would improve
On the sad perennial grinding
Of an immemorial groove.
Radicals are sometimes funny,
Or I could compile a list
Of the Tories, who, for money,
Would be willing to assist.
[G—ld, again, is full of humour,
Such as England rarely saw,
And we can't believe the rumour
That he never learned to draw.]
Touch on all with lash satiric,
Put in anything that's good,
Try at times to turn a lyric
Out of something else than wood.
Only gambol lightly, fealty,
Like the flakes of whirling chaff—
Stab us, if you pink us neatly;
Kill us, only make us laugh!

MARMITON.

UN DÎNER ROUGE.

"Dis-moi ce que tu manges, je te dirai ce que tu es." So wrote the greatest authority on gastronomy; but one need not be a Brillat-Savarin to be able to classify the hosts and guests of the Red Dinner given at the Savoy the other day by Messrs. Woolf Joel and Gardner. These two gentlemen had a bet of one hundred pounds about a walk into Monte Carlo a little while ago, which Mr. Joel won. He went into the rooms, and played up his winnings till he had won £10,500 for himself and Mr. Gardner, the latter having a share in the winnings by the terms of the bet. They did not lose it again, but brought it home to England, and to celebrate their luck they gave a great dinner to twenty-four friends at the Savoy. Most of the money had been won on No. 9, *rouge*, so they determined to have a "Red Dinner." This was perfectly carried out to



the smallest detail. The room was draped in red, and the waiters had red ties, red buttons, and red pocket-handkerchiefs. The leader of the band was entirely in red, and the floral decorations were geraniums from Nice. The lamp-shades were red, and the table-cloth was of red satin, bordered with point d'Alençon lace, specially dyed for the occasion. The menu was in red and white, the back having printed on it a roulette-table, and the number "9." They drove home—it was nearly 4.30 before they started—in a red omnibus.

In the menu, *Canapés "9," Soles au Vin Rouge, Cailles Mascottes, Pluie d'Or, Le Rocher de Monte Carlo*, all kept up the "allusiveness" of the feast. The *Pluie d'Or* was a culinary triumph of the genus *sorbet*, and *Le Rocher de Monte Carlo* an enormous ice, modelled to represent the Rock, with a roulette-table on the top, and figures of croupiers and punters. That the dinner itself was magnificent may be judged from the fact that it cost over £250, and that they poured libations to the Goddess Fortune from magnums of '74 Perrier-Jouet.



MISS GWENDOLINE STANHOPE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AURIKI REEF.

BY LOUIS BECKE.

One evening, not long ago, an old Island comrade and I sat on the verandah looking out upon the waters of Sydney Harbour, smoking and talking of the old wild days down there in the Marshall Group, among the brown people who dwell on the white beaches under the shade of the swaying palms. And, as we talked, the faces of those we had known came back one by one to our memories, and passed away.

In front of us, with her tall black spars cutting out clearly against the flood of moonlight that lit up the waters of the quiet little bay, lay the old *Wolverene*—to both of us a silent reminder of one night not long ago, under far-off skies, when the old corvette sailed past our little schooner, towering up above us, a cloud of spotless white canvas, as she gracefully rose and sank to the long sweep of the ocean swell.

"Poor Old Tierney!" said my friend, alluding to the captain of that little schooner. "He's dead now; blew his hand off with dynamite down in the Gilbert Group—did you know?"

"Yes. What a good fellow he was! There are few like him left now. Aye, few indeed!"

"By the way, did he ever tell you about Jack Brayley and his little daughter Tessa?"

"Something of it. You were with him in the *Mana* that trip, weren't you?"

"Yes," said my friend, "Brayley and I both. He had been up to Honolulu, sick; and he came on board of the *Mana*, and seemed so anxious to get back to his station on Maduro that Tierney—good old fellow as he was—told him to bring his traps aboard, and he would land him there on the way to Samoa. His wife had died five years before, and he had to leave his station in the care of his daughter, a child of twelve or so. Not that he fretted much about the station—it was only the little girl he thought of."

We smoked on in silence awhile. Then my friend resumed—

"I shall never forget that voyage. It was a night such as this that it happened—I mean that affair of the boat on Auriki Reef."

Fifteen years ago is a long time to try back, and although I had been told something of a strange incident that had occurred during one voyage of the Hawaiian schooner *Mana* (she is now a Sydney collier), I could not recall the circumstances.

So then my friend told me the story of the boat on Auriki Reef.

"I have told you that Brayley was a man of few words. But sometimes, as we paced the deck together at night, while the schooner skimmed over the seas before the lusty trade-wind, he would talk to me of his child; and it was easy for me to see that his love for her was the one hope of his life.

"'I am going back to England soon,' he said to me one night; 'there is but one of us left—my sister—and I would like to see her face again in this world. She is older than I—she is past fifty now. . . . And it is thirty years since I said good-bye to her. . . . thirty years. . . . thirty long years,' and then he turned his face away and looked out upon the sea. 'Just to see her, and then say good-bye again, for here I have cast my lot, and here I will die. If I were alone in the world, perhaps I would take to civilisation again; but Tessa'—he shook his head—'she would wither and die in cold England.'

"Ten days out we ran in among the Radaek Chain of the Marshall Islands, and the wind falling light, and being surrounded by reefs and low, uninhabited coral atolls, Tierney brought to, and anchored for the night. You know the spot—about nine miles due west of Ailuk, and between two sandy atolls covered with a scant growth of cocoanuts and pandanus palms.

"The ship being all right, the hands turned in, leaving only one man on watch, while we three white men lay down aft to smoke and yarn. It was a bright moonlight night, as light as day—just such a night as this. Away on our port quarter, distant about a quarter of a mile, was a shallow patch on which the surf was breaking. It was merely one of those flat patches of coral that, rising up steep from the bottom, have deep water all round them, but are always covered on the surface by a depth of one or two fathoms—'mushrooms,' we call them, you know. Well, it was such a wonderfully clear night that that shallow patch, with the surf hissing and swirling over and around it, was as clearly visible to us on the schooner as if it had been under our counter, not ten feet away.

"Covering up my face from the vivid moonlight with a soft native mat, I lay down, and after awhile dropped off to sleep.

"How long I had been asleep I did not know then—I learnt afterwards that it was nearly four hours—when I was awakened by a loud hail of 'Boat ahoy!' called out by someone on board.

"I was awake in an instant, and sprang to my feet.

"'What is it?' I said to Tierney and Brayley, who were standing close to me, looking out towards the breaking reef. 'Where is the boat that you are hailing?'

"Neither of them answered; Tierney, turning towards me for a second, made a curious, half-commanding, half-imploing gesture, as if to ask my silence, and then, gripping Brayley by his shoulder, stared wildly at the white seethe of the breakers astern of us.

"A quick look along the decks for'ard showed me that all the native sailors were on deck and clustered together in the waist, as far aft as they dared come. Each man had hold of his fellow, and, with open mouths and wildly staring eyes, they stood like statues of bronze, in an attitude of horror and amazement.

"'What is it?' I commenced again, when Tierney slowly raised his clenched and shaking hand and touched me.

"'Look!' he said, in a strange, quivering whisper; 'in the name of God, man, what is that?'

"I followed the direction of his shaking hand. It pointed along the broad, golden stream of moonlight that ran from close under our stern right across to the low, black line that we knew was Ailuk Island. For a moment I saw nothing, then, suddenly, amid the wild boil of the surf in Auriki, I saw a boat, a white-painted boat with a black gunwale-streak. One person seemed to be sitting aft with his face drooping upon his breast. The boat seemed to me to be in the very centre of the wild turmoil of waters, and yet to ride with perfect ease and safety. Presently, however, I saw that it was on the other side of the reef, yet so close that the back spray from the curling rollers must have fallen upon it.

"Pushing Captain Tierney away from him, Brayley suddenly seemed to straighten himself, and, taking a step in advance of us, he again hailed—

"'Boat ahoy!'

"The loud, hoarse cry pealed over the waters; but no answer came from the silent figure, and then Brayley turned towards us. His bronzed features had paled to the hue of death, and, for a moment or two, his mouth twitched.

"'For God's sake, Tierney, call the hands and lower the boat. It is nothing from the other world that we see—it is my daughter Tessa.'

"In a second the old man sprang into life and action, and in a shrill voice that sounded like a scream he called, 'Man the boat, lads!'

"Before one could have counted twenty the boat was in the water, clear of the falls, and Tierney and Brayley, with a crew of four natives, were pulling swiftly for the other boat.

"In a few minutes they reached her, just as a big roller had all but got her and carried her right on top of Auriki. I saw Brayley get out of our boat and into the other, and lift the sitting figure up in his arms, and then Tierney made fast a line, took the strange boat in tow, and headed back for the ship.

"When the boat was within speaking distance, Tierney hailed me—

"'Get some brandy ready—she is alive!'

"We carried her into the cabin, and as Brayley bent his face over the poor, wasted figure of his child, the hot tears ran down his cheeks, and Tierney whispered to me, 'She is dying fast.'

"We all knew that as soon as we looked at her. Already the grey shadows were deepening on the face of the wanderer as we gathered around her, speaking in whispers. Suddenly the loud clamour of the ship's bell, struck by an unthinking sailor, made the girl's frame quiver.

"With a look of intense pity, the captain motioned to Brayley to raise her head to try and get her to swallow a teaspoonful of water. Tenderly the trader raised her, and then for a moment or two the closed, weary eyelids slowly drew back, and she gazed into his face.

"'Thank God!' the captain said; 'she knows you, Brayley.'

"A faint, flickering smile played about her lips, and then ceased. Then a long, low sigh, and her head fell upon his breast.

"At daylight we hove up anchor, and stood on our course for Brayley's Station on Arhnu. Just as we rounded the south end of Ailuk Island, we saw the *Lahaina* schooner lying to, and signalling that she wanted to speak. Her skipper came aboard, and, hurriedly shaking hands with us, asked if we knew that Jack Brayley's little Tessa had gone adrift in his boat ten days ago.

"Silently, Tierney led him to the open skylight, and pointed down to where she lay, with her father kneeling beside her.

"'Poor man!' said the skipper of the *Lahaina*. 'I'm real sorry. I heard from the natives that Tessa and two native girls and a boy took the whaleboat, for a joke, like, and she said she was going to meet her father, as she had seen him in her sleep, and she reckoned he was close to on the sea somewhere. I guess the poor things got swept to leeward by the current. They had a sail in the boat.'

"'Aye,' said Tierney; 'a squall must have struck the boat, and carried away the mast; it was snapped off short about a foot above the thwart.'

"When we ran into Maduro Lagoon, three days afterwards, our flag was half-mast high for Tessa Brayley, and for her father as well—for we had found him the next morning on his knees beside her, cold and stiff in death, with his dead hand clasped around hers."

FOR THE CHILDREN.

That incomparable artist, Mr. Phil May, has most admirably hit off the type of the paternal policeman in the accompanying sketch. The solicitous "bobby" is quite right: children can, in effect, make themselves hoarse with crying, in which case Géraudel's Pastilles are the very best thing that can be given them. From their earliest age children should be habituated to the use of Géraudel's Pastilles, as through their childish carelessness, which is of course natural, they expose themselves to draughts, humidity, &c. Moreover, their respiratory apparatus is more likely than at a later age to receive the germs of colds, which may perhaps later on develop into bronchitis, laryngitis, or other throat, lung, and bronchial troubles. The use by children of Géraudel's Pastilles is an excellent thing from every point of view, as they are thus safely preserved from miasmas, microbes, draughts, the effects of inhaling dust, &c. Above all things, they are preserved from the evil effects of breathing in damp air, fogs, and mists, which are dangerous to all, but especially to young children.

Géraudel's Pastilles act by inhalation and absorption directly upon the respiratory organs for coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, catarrh, asthma, laryngitis, &c. Much preferable to pills, potions, and syrups, &c., which only irritate the stomach without reaching the seat of the disease. Their effect is instantaneous. Géraudel's Pastilles are most agreeable to the taste, and contain the purest essence of Norway Pine Tar, which has attained greater success in bronchial and catarrhal affections than any other substance or drug hitherto employed. They contain no narcotic or other injurious drug, and, unlike numerous other cough remedies, are not required by the



Drawn by PHIL MAY.

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Act of Parliament to bear the label "Poison." They are entirely harmless, and can be used by old and young without danger. They can be used at all hours, before or after meals, without the slightest inconvenience. Slowly dissolved in the mouth, they give off a soothing, refreshing, and healing vapour of Pine Tar, which is thus breathed into the bronchia and lungs upon the very seat of disease, affording immediate relief, and effecting a gradual and lasting cure. Owing to their direct action upon the bronchial tubes and lungs, they are infinitely superior to all other remedial agents. Géraudel's Pastilles are admirable in voice affections, strengthening the larynx and preserving the voice. They should be used constantly by smokers, and by all whose vocal organs have any unusual strain to undergo. They are invaluable to those who are liable, owing to their occupation, to inhale irritating and noxious vapours or dust. Price per case, 1s. 1½d., with directions for use. Can be ordered through any chemist, or will be sent post free on receipt of price, from the wholesale dépôt for Great Britain, Fassett and Johnson, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

For further particulars our readers, on mentioning this paper, are authorised to apply to the above-named firm for a handsome booklet, treating generally of the disorders of the respiratory organs. This publication contains also about thirty pages of drawings by our leading artists, among whom may be named Phil May, M. Greiffenhagen, Dudley Hardy, L. Raven-Hill, A. S. Hartrick, A. C. Corbould, J. W. T. Manuel, Fred Pegram, O. Eckhardt, E. Sullivan, T. H. Townsend, Carl Eden, Aubrey Beardsley, Chéret, Willette, etc. The book in question, which is sold by newsagents at one shilling, will, exceptionally, be sent gratis and post free to those of our readers who apply for it by letter to Messrs. Fassett and Johnson.

Mappin & Webb's

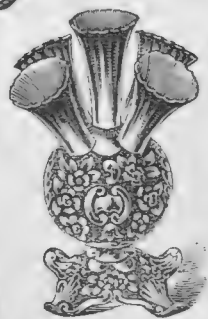
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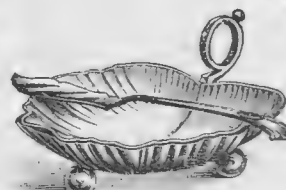
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Sterling Silver Roman Lamp Cigar-Lighter, from the original in the British Museum, £3 3 0



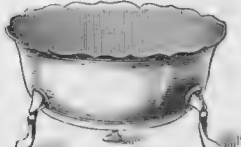
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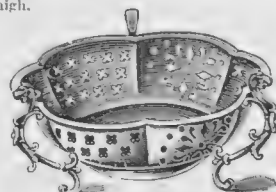
Ivory Pepper-Mill, with Sterling Silver Bands, £1 10 0



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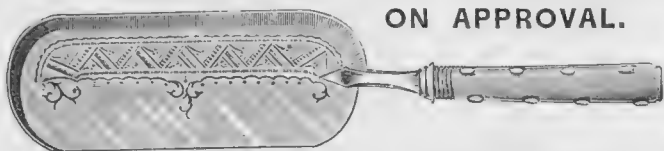
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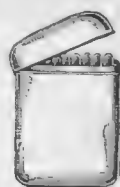
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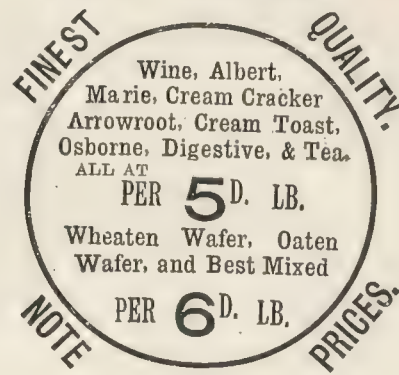
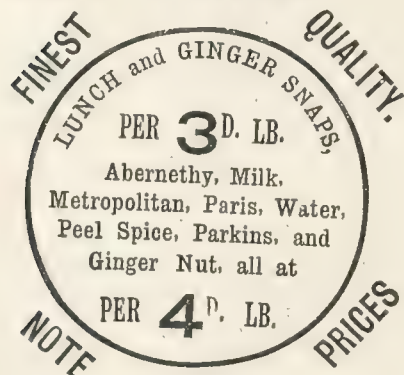
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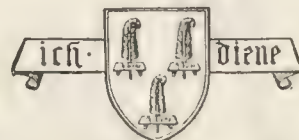
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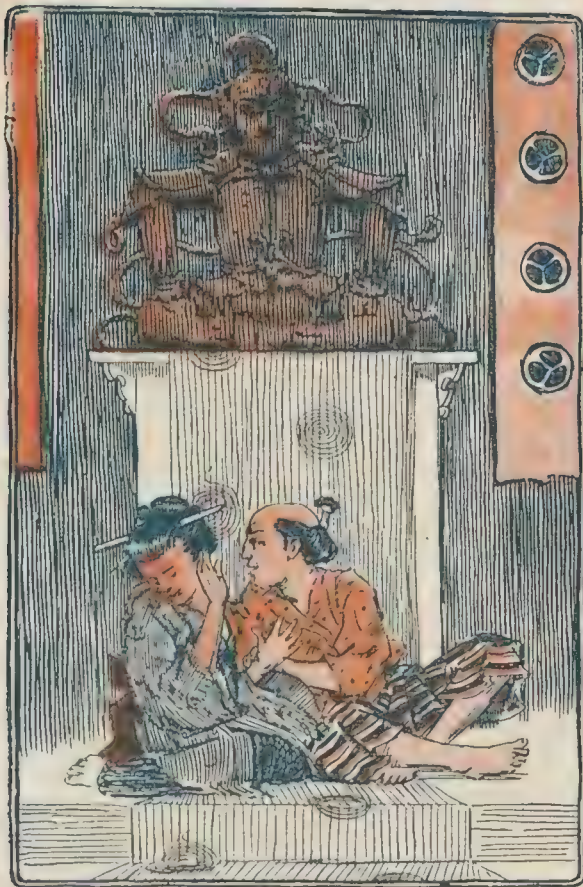
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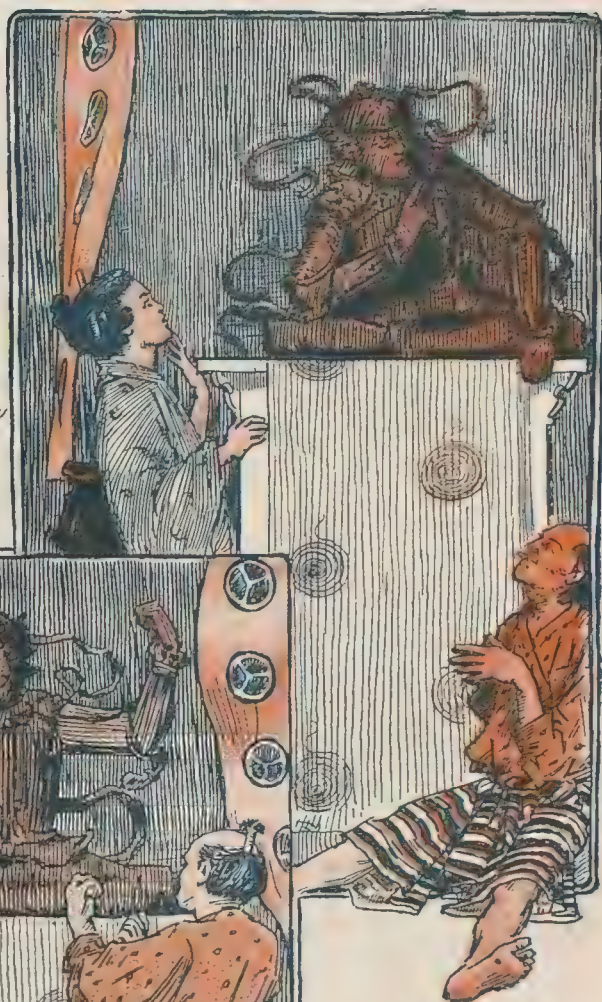
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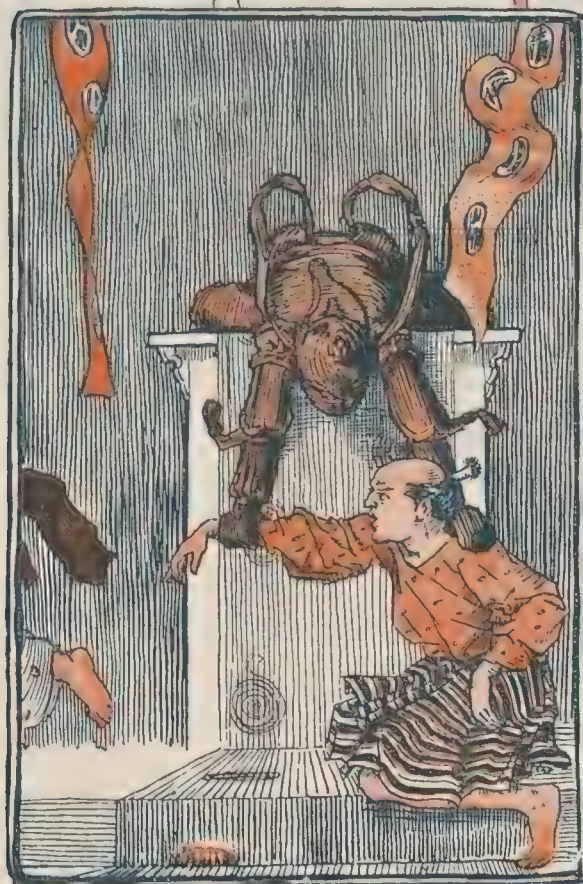
I
A QUIET
SPOT

II
CALLED TO
ORDER

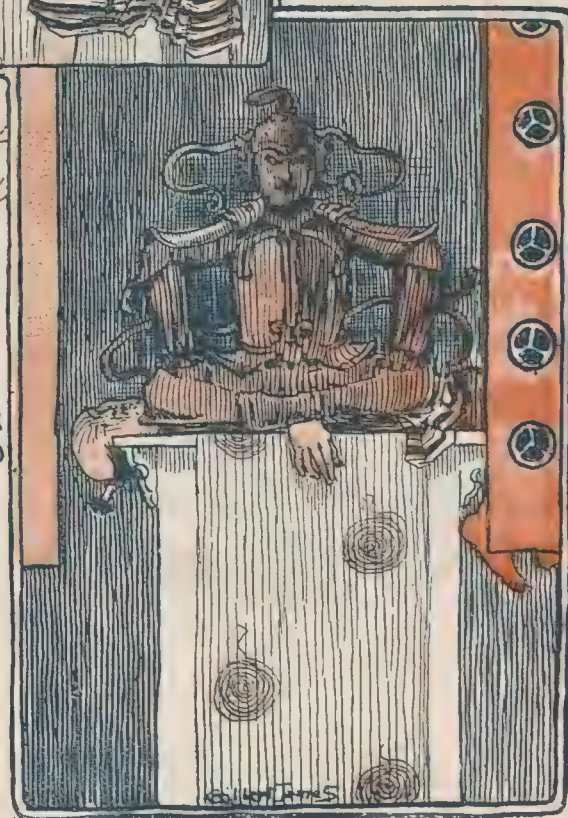


III
CONTEMPT OF COURT

IV
STRONG
MEASURES



V
ORDER
RESTORED





"A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO."

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The Rugby football team of the 2nd Battalion Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment has just brought its first season in Natal to a most successful conclusion. Stationed at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, they have succeeded in carrying off the two cups open to competition—the Murray and York and Lancaster Cups. The Murray Cup (on the left in the photograph) is the gift of the Hon. T. K. Murray, C.M.G., Minister of Lands and Works for the Colony, a generous patron of sport in every shape, and is played for on the knock-out system. In this competition the team scored 40 points against 4—a dropped goal gained by the Royal Artillery—in three matches. The other cup was presented by the 2nd Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment on leaving the station in 1894, in consideration of their being allowed to keep the original Murray Cup, which they had won three times, and is played for on the League system. In this competition the team scored 163 points against nil in eleven matches. Thus it will be seen that their line has not been crossed during the season, and that the aggregate score of the team is 223 points against 4, including a match against all-comers. The climate, even in winter, is more suggestive of cricket than football, and the grounds, which are altogether devoid of turf, extremely hard, resembling a country road at home. The 1st Battalion West Riding Regiment won the Kent Rugby Union Cup last season, and now the 2nd Battalion has followed their good example. The team has been very ably captained by Lieutenant Fraser, and the Yorkshire lads may be relied upon to do their best to retain the trophies they have won when the time comes for the goal-posts to be put up again. The other competing teams were the Royal Artillery, 3rd Dragoon Guards, Natal Mounted Police, Hilton College, Wanderers, and Wasps. The photograph of the team was taken by Armourer-Sergeant Price of the regiment.

Is it very necessary to say that, at the present time, the sole topic in Association circles is the English Cup? How remarkable is the enthusiasm still evinced in this tournament! And yet every year, when the Cup is lost and won, we invariably turn round with the remark, "Bah! Nobody takes any notice of this trophy! It isn't the skilful club which wins it. It is the club which best knows or is best fitted for the hard work necessary to go right through."

The general opinion is that there has never been a draw to surpass, in point of interest, that which has been made for the matches to be played on Feb. 1 next. It certainly does present some significant features. The first is the probable premature ousting of the holders and the other finalists. West Bromwich Albion have to go to Blackburn to play the famous Rovers—what a name to conjure with in Cup-history!—while Aston Villa are due at Derby to do or die against the County, the County which is at present simply sweeping the board in the First Division of the Football League.

But let us not be too hasty. Surprises, if they happen anywhere in football, happen in the English Cup. The presumed advantage supposed to belong to a club playing on its own ground becomes merely theoretical in connection with this always sensational competition. Bury, Aston Villa, Everton, Sheffield United, Preston North End, and West Bromwich Albion have all to play away in the first round; but who dare say not one of them will enter the second bouts?

Of course, there are one or two cases where the result is practically a foregone conclusion. For instance, the Bolton Wanderers, although playing away, may be depended upon to come safely through the ordeal. Newcastle United, even at Chesterfield, need entertain no fear about pulling through. On the other hand, only an Elijah would prophesy on the match Burton Wanderers v. Sheffield United, while Darwen v. Grimsby Town is another exceedingly puzzling event. Perhaps, after all, it would be wiser to prophesy after the event.

It will be noticed that the South is still pursued by the ill-luck which seems to dog their footsteps in this particular tournament. With one exception, they all have to leave town; and not only that, but they have to journey to very dangerous places. Tottenham Hotspur are, of course, beaten before they move. They have the hardest task of all, not because we can be certain that Stoke is the best of the clubs to be opposed, but because the Hotspur are undoubtedly the weakest team on which the South has to rely. The case would have been different had all the London clubs been given choice of ground, of course, but not very different, I imagine. The fact is, that the South is still a very long way behind the North at the Association game at the present time. A change will certainly come, but it must necessarily take a very long time in coming. At any rate, it will be a glad time for Southerners when it does come, and the interest in the game will be increased.

For the purposes of clear study, the draw, as it was made, is here appended, the probable winners being placed in italics—

<i>Small Heath v. Bury.</i>	<i>Wolverhampton Wanderers v. Notts County.</i>
<i>Derby County v. Aston Villa.</i>	<i>Burnley v. Woolwich Arsenal.</i>
<i>Liverpool v. Millwall Athletic.</i>	<i>Stoke v. Tottenham Hotspur.</i>
<i>Blackpool v. Burton Swifts.</i>	<i>Chesterfield v. Newcastle United.</i>
<i>Notts Forest v. Everton.</i>	<i>Sunderland v. Preston North End.</i>
<i>Southampton St. Mary's v. Sheffield Wednesday.</i>	<i>Newton Heath v. Kettering.</i>
<i>Burton Wanderers v. Sheffield United.</i>	<i>Blackburn Rovers v. West Bromwich Albion.</i>
<i>Fairfield or Crewe Alexandra v. Bolton Wanderers.</i>	<i>Darwen v. Grimsby Town.</i>

It is in the Amateur Cup where the South is given a chance of proving its ability.

The Amateur Cup has for the first time been drawn in two—a Northern and a Southern—divisions, a sensible move in view of the enormous losses incurred last year by some teams which had to travel distances. So far as present appearances go, the issue seems to rest between the Old Carthusians and the Casuals in the South, and Tow Law and Middlesbrough in the North.

Next Saturday week, Jan. 4, we are to have the England v. Wales



Lieut. Fraser (Captain).

FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S (WEST RIDING) REGIMENT.

match at the Rectory Field; and a mighty fine battle may this time be expected. As a natural consequence of the brilliant victory of the North over the South at Hartlepool, it is not surprising to find a vast majority of Northerners figuring in the fifteen. As a matter of fact, there is but one Southerner in the pack, this being G. M. Carey, of Blackheath, last year's Oxford University captain; for though F. Mitchell, the Cambridge skipper, plays for Blackheath, and W. E. Bromet captains the Richmond fifteen, both are, of course, Yorkshiremen.

On the whole, I must confess myself only half-pleased with the selection. The substitution of Houghton for Byrne at full-back is, to my way of thinking, a great mistake. Byrne may have his off-days, but as a full-back he surpasses, on general play, any other man in the same position. Then, again, the equal mixture of Northerners and Southerners among the other backs is a dangerous policy; one would have thought that this would have been taken to heart from the lesson given last year, when the North collapsed so ignominiously before the South. Still, I don't see how we can safely predict victory for the Welshmen, for, individually, the Englishmen are vastly superior.

GOLF.

I am informed that the Amateur Golf Championship of 1896 will be played on the St. George's Club Links on May 18 and following days.

The County Sligo G.C. are determined not to be left behind in the march of progress. The executive have just taken over one of the new houses erected at the Greenlands, Rosses Point, by Mr. T. Ewing. The place will be ready for occupation as a club-house by Jan. 1, while the stabling accommodation, which will be reserved exclusively for the use of members, is to be ready in the early spring.

The proposition moved at the meeting of the Porthcawl G.C., to raise the annual subscription tentatively to five guineas, has just been negatived. A motion to expend £200 on the new ground, with the additional ground added to the course, was carried.

The Hythe G.C. have decided to increase the length of the course to eighteen holes, which is a step, a long step, in the right direction.

The energetic committee of the Portmarnock G.C. are always seeking after improvements. First of all, they are contemplating the erection of a boat-slip, thereby materially reducing the journey from Dublin to the first tee, to say nothing of rendering it more comfortable. This will make the Portmarnock links equal to any on the east coast.

The Limerick G.C. are also entertaining the idea of improving their course by the introduction of a long hole in the out, or sand-hill side, which had been thought short, compared with the home course, the third hole, or "Bents" (450 yards), being the longest in the first nine holes. New tees will likewise be laid out, and the alterations are expected to be complete by Easter-time, when the summer play will be opened with the first monthly medal of the club. It is expected that the new hotel will also be ready by that date. Negotiations are in course of progress with the Great Southern and Western, and other railway companies, for the issue of cheap rail and hotel tickets, with coupons for the hotel.

The Mendip Golf Club and a hockey club are the latest additions to the sporting attractions of Shepton Mallet.

BOXING.

It seems to me that we are to have a particularly successful season with the noble art. The year is not far advanced, but already some very promising novices have appeared, and the winners at the recent Orion Gymnastic Club meeting are likely to all make names for themselves.

Two of those boxers who were successful at that place were also victorious at the German Gymnastic Society's competitions the other evening. They were respectively C. T. Lamb (of the Gothic Tee-to-Tum B.C.), in the Bantam class, and Vincent Dowell (of the Battersea Football Club), in the Middle-weights. Dowell's smartness is especially welcome, because of the general mediocrity seen in heavy men. As compared with the lighter weights, the class of the competitors in the 11 st. 4 lb. and under and Any-weights competitions has this last year or two been remarkably poor. A man like Steers would make haicks of the big men now out, one after the other, with the possible exception of Captain W. E. Johnston, the heavy-weight champion. The science of Steers was all the more noticeable, because the Myddelton man is by no means on the big scale, and had to depend solely on his cleverness, which, combined with his knowledge of ring-tactics, made him an opponent to be highly respected.

Dowell is not a Steers, but he is a remarkably good man for the weight; and though this is his first year out, he bids fair to sustain the prestige of the Battersea F.C. so worthily created by W. Campbell, the ex-light-weight champion. Dowell had to beat a tough customer at the German Gymnasium in W. G. Ross, a "dark horse" of the Belsize B.C. What Ross lacks in height he compensates in pluck and determination, and he went for Dowell in the final for all he was worth. Still, there was never any doubt about his being beaten, and though the partisan feeling of the audience in favour of Ross influenced some of the older reporters, who should have known better, Dowell, of course, got the verdict.

Lamb also reminds me of Steers, whose name just occurred to me. Here we have a splendidly built fellow, wonderfully strong as well as skilful. Lamb had no difficulty in beating his opponents at the Orion, including a very smart but light Northampton man named Burnand, and he won pretty comfortably here, although he had to dispose of two very clever fellows in G. F. Ford (of the Cestus B.C.) and last year's winner, W. G. Worthington (of the Sydney B.C.). Ford is a boxer likely to be heard of in the future. He is built on very slight lines, but he is beautifully scientific, and does not forget to bring his right across—in fact, he remembers it too often.

Great disappointment was evinced when it was announced that A. Vanderhout (of the Sydney B.C.) had withdrawn from the light-weights, which he had won last year, and which seemed an even better thing for him this time. His absence made the task of J. D. Williams (of the Finsbury Polytechnic) very easy. Williams boxed with such gracefulness of style that one only regretted he did not put more steam behind his blows. He is a model of what an amateur boxer should be: fair, considerate, and scientific. One does not often see the left hand brought into play with such admirable effect, and Williams finished up so strong that I believe he could have beaten two or three more opponents had they been forthcoming.

Another good man is N. F. Smith (of the Anchor B.C.), who took the feather-weights. Smith, early in the season, won a 9 st. competition of the Battersea Club, and since then he has been doing a lot of very good work. In fact, his only defeat has been at the hands of J. Jones (of the Sydney B.C.), a winner of the City of London competition, though, on the occasion in question, a gross blunder on the part of the judges lost Smith the verdict. At the German Gymnasium he met Jones again, and this time made no mistake, out-pointing him in the first round, and knocking him clean out in the second. The heavy-weights produced poor sport, not a really decent man showing up. S. White (of the Belsize) got the verdict, but it seemed to me he was beaten in his very first bout, which was with F. A. L. Hammond, the well-known Rugby forward.

On the whole, the form shown was very fair. There were a good many absentees; but this was no calamity, since the proceedings, which started as early as ten minutes past six, did not conclude before twenty minutes to eleven. With a few more good men to turn up at the ensuing competitions of the big clubs, and with some of the champions still available, we should see a very interesting championship meeting next April.

CYCLING.

I understand that Jaap Eden, the famous cyclist, intends travelling by St. Petersburg on his way to Paris to try for the World's Championship on skates. Eden, it will be remembered, proved victorious at Amsterdam in 1892 and at Namur in 1894.

They seem to be advancing with the times with cycle speed in Algiers. The telegraph-messengers there have just been supplied with cycles. It is true that the machines are veterans in age, and somewhat down-at-heel in appearance, but these are details which pale before the benefits certain to accrue from the idea.

OLYMPIAN.

"SWIFT" CYCLES ON VIEW.

That the world moves quickly is an accepted fact. In the neighbourhood of Holborn Viaduct they attribute the cause to the cycle, the vehicle which from small beginnings has now attained to very proud proportions.

Everybody cycles nowadays. We are not yet come to the putting of policemen on wheels, but, doubtless, that will follow later on. A visit to the superbly appointed rooms, both above and underground, beneath the shadow of the Old Bailey, would be sufficient to convince the most sceptical of the rising popularity of the ornamental and useful machine of commerce and pleasure.

"This season has been a record one for us," said a representative of the Coventry Machinists' Company to a *Sketch* investigator; "but we are confident of beating it next year. Our weekly output averages at between five and six hundred, and about as many hands are employed on the manufacture of them. The increase has, of course, been general, but it has been more noticeable in regard to the ladies. Not so very long ago we sold but few ladies' machines. Now the gentlemen are in only a slight majority."

A stroll through the rooms revealed some sights which filled the heart of our impressionable representative with envy. There was, to commence with, the No. 1 Light Roadster. This is a machine which it would be indeed difficult to improve upon. Standing on the platform in all its glittering beauty, the No. 1 Light Roadster almost tempts the onlooker to throw his leg across and ride it out of the shop. It weighs about thirty-two pounds, and will carry a man up to thirteen stone. The list price of the No. 1 is £29, a sum which is, of course, appreciably reduced when the discount is deducted.

The No. 2 is not of quite so luxurious an order to the eye, but it is a splendid machine, nevertheless. It is called the "Club 'Swift' Road Racer," and being listed at only £25, enjoys, perhaps, a wider sale than the *chef d'œuvre*. The "tread" of the "Club 'Swift'" is exceedingly narrow, being 5 7-16 in., with chain-case clearance. Complete in all respects, it weighs about twenty-seven pounds, and is, like most of the machines here, fitted with non-slippable Dunlop pneumatic tyres.

The "Swift" Company is essentially a place where one can be sure of getting only the best. The cheapest machine in the house is the "Popular," an article which one may see in every street in the town. The only difference between the "Popular" and the "No. 1" is in finish. In every other respect the "Popular" is fit for a king to ride, weighing about thirty-five pounds, and geared to sixty inches. It is priced at £22.

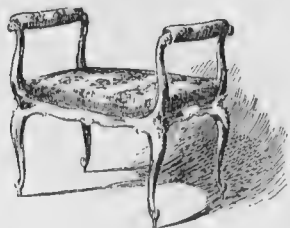
The various ladies' machines are all exquisite specimens of the mechanic's art. There are three grades of these, besides the "Rational Safety," which corresponds with the "Gentlemen's No. 1 Light Roadster," but is built, of course, with a low frame. The gear is interchangeable and detachable, 56 in., or to order, and, following the fashion, possesses handles of felt. The weight of the "Rational" is from thirty to thirty-three pounds, and it is listed at £29. The "Swift Safety," which is fitted with the single-loop frame, rendering mounting and dismounting very easy, by allowing plenty of room for the dress, costs £21, and the "No. 2 Ladies' Safety" £24.

For boys and girls, provision has, of course, been made. The "Junior Safety," for boys, is priced at £16, and the "Midget Safety," for girls, at £13. The Adults' Tandem Safety is fitted with the new patent duplex head and steering-column, which increases the strength at this vital point. The weight of this excellent vehicle is but fifty pounds or so, and it runs the purchaser into an expenditure of £40.

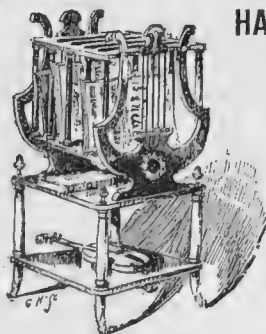
Did space permit, we could enlarge upon the tricycles, the triplets, and the many other machines sold by the "Swift" people. The firm is one of the oldest, as it is one of the biggest, in the country, and, so far as this neighbourhood alone is concerned, has been established since 1880. Nor can the notabilities who patronise the Coventry Company be enumerated. Sufficient to say a special appointment is held to the Prince of Wales, and that, among others, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. George R. Sims are in possession of "Swift" bicycles. In cycling, as everyone knows, the race is always to the "Swift."

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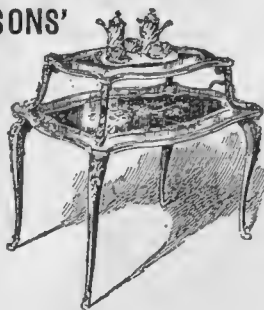
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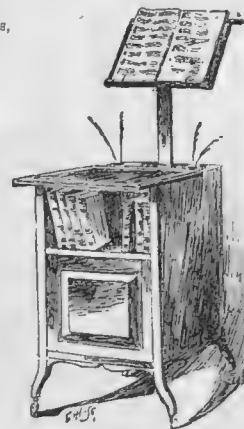
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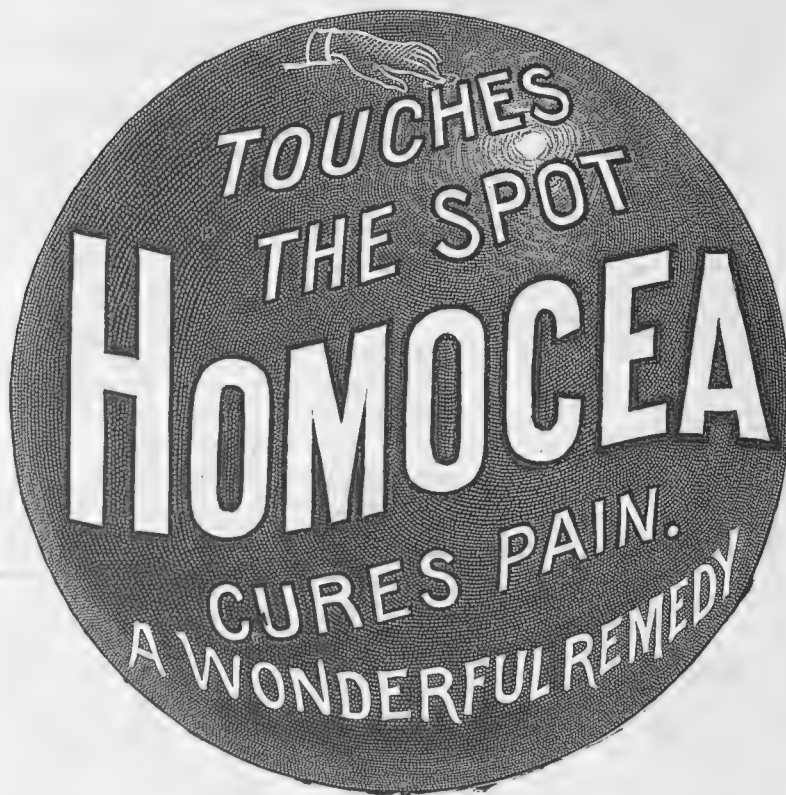
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Advice Gratis.

DO you experience the feeling that somehow or other there is something wrong, for which you are at a loss to account; that without feeling positively ill you feel that you are not up to the mark? Business affairs, that a short time ago were thought nothing of, now worry and annoy, former pleasures are now termed bores, the hand trembles, and your handwriting is not what it was; on looking at a white object specks float before the Eyes, or occasionally a bluish disc appears. Sleep is fitful and disturbed by

Dreams; you feel irritable and restless, and your friends inquire what is the matter with you. Appetite is capricious, and you feel disposed to sleep after food, the least noise startles, and you feel that the near report of a cannon would kill you. You have Headaches or Neuralgic Attacks, and desire much to be left alone. Read you will not—except the veriest trifle—study deeply you cannot, while as to going much in company, that is out of the question. If you have any or all of these symptoms, then you are suffering from Neurasthenia, or

Nervous Prostration.

Now, as to the advice. Never attempt to procure sleep by Chloral, Sulphonal, Preparations of Opium, Chlorodyne, or any other disguised form of Morphia. These answer for a time, but the effect soon wears off, and on each occasion an increased quantity has to be taken. Shun alcohol in any shape or form as you would a serpent; if a smoker, reduce the consumption, or, better still, leave it off altogether. Get a bottle of Guy's Tonic and a box of Guy's

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"HIS MAJESTY THE SULTAN."

Little more than a quarter of a century ago, while the Crescent and the Union Jack floated together over the roof of Buckingham Palace, three Ottoman Princes landed on the coast of England. These were Abdul Aziz, the then Sultan of Turkey, who was, later, to die mysteriously, either by his own hand or by that of an assassin; Murad, the late Sultan of Turkey, who, after a reign of three months, was to be declared insane, and to drag out a weary life of confinement behind the walls of a palace



overlooking the Bosphorus; and Abdul Hamid, present Sultan, who assumed his title of Commander of the Faithful twenty years ago.

At the time of the visit to the West, the Prince last named stood some distance from the throne, and the attention bestowed on him was comparatively slight. He was pronounced to be singularly courtly in his demeanour, singularly refined in manner, and, finally, so singularly shy, reticent, and retiring, that when he left this country it was felt he was as absolutely a stranger to those with whom he had sojourned as on his first arrival. The game is to the silent, however, and Abdul Hamid learnt much of us, in the same degree as we learnt little of him. He observed while he was still among us; he reflected during his homeward voyage; and, on his return, he set himself to weigh East and West, as he knew them, in the balance, and to educate himself on lines which no Sultan had ever attempted before. "He who would understand many men must understand many tongues," the young man practically said to himself, and he forthwith began to study modern languages, with the result that though, according to Ottoman etiquette, he makes use of Turkish or Arabic only in public, he always grasps the gist of what has been said to him by the representative of any foreign sovereign, before the dragoman has translated and handed the words on. He at one time set himself the task of studying the history of the various countries of Europe, but ultimately gave it up, saying that what Occidental statesmen had done in the past was no clue to what they might do in the present, so information of that nature was of no practical use to him. With the greater energy, for this reason, did he attack the more complex subject of contemporary politics, and with such good result that he has managed to more or less hold his own for a score of years, though the intellectual powers of the whole of Western Europe have combined to baffle him. Finally, he began to study finance.

The Sultan has never personally had expensive tastes, and for the enormous expenditure of the palace he is in no way to blame. He has cut this down in any direction he dared, and has, in fact, attacked vested interests in a manner that competent judges have pronounced hardly safe. The income allowed him by the Civil List before he ascended the throne was small, yet, during the fifteen years he had it under his own control, he contrived, by judicious investments and careful management, to bring up his capital to £60,000. This is the more remarkable as, at all times of his life, he has been conspicuous both for his generosity to those in attendance upon him and for the munificence with which he has contributed to charities. Of the corruption that undoubtedly prevails among the Government officials this is not the place to speak. A reminder may, however, be made that, since the accession of the present ruler, the richest provinces of the empire have been wrested from the Crown and that he has had a task to perform before which the most experienced professional economist might have shrunk. In no way does Abdul Hamid act after the manner of any of his predecessors. He affixes his name to no document which he has not carefully studied beforehand. He signs no death-warrant unless at

some moment of political emergency (A dark whisper resting on a good foundation has gone round that, after the Armenian Riots the other day, sixteen hapless beings were executed within the walls of Yildiz Kiosk).

His surroundings are of the most simple; no pomp, no luxury, no parade, find part in his life. His personal expenditure is almost *nil*, yet he is, perhaps, the wealthiest of the descendants of the Caliphs. He takes great interest in female education, and has established and endowed some excellent girls' schools in the capital and elsewhere. On the other hand, women, as women, interest him little; and when, according to historic custom, a beautiful young girl is presented to him by the Valide Sultan on the third day of the Bairam, he sends her away unseen to be educated at one of his schools. He seems to be absolutely indifferent to race in regard to those he employs. An Englishman, Hobart Pasha, was, throughout the greater part of his reign, Admiral of his fleet; Hagop Pasha, once a clerk in the Ottoman Bank, and the most trusted of the Imperial Ministers of Finance, was an Armenian; Kiamil Pasha, Prime Minister, was a Jew of Cyprus; Osman Ghazi of Plevna, two of whose sons have wedded daughters of their Imperial master, was a native of Tokat; and so on, down to Hamdi Bey, artist and antiquarian, in whom and in whose work his Majesty takes great interest.

On the other hand, the point on which his Majesty is most jealous of all is the dignity of his own dynasty, and it is stated that on one occasion he remarked that he "disliked the English more than any other nation, because, though they were always concerning themselves about the wrongs and the condition of his subjects, they never seemed to take the least particle of interest in the dynasty of Osman." *Verbum sat!*

CONSTANCE SUTCLIFFE.

SCHOOLBOY FOOTBALLERS IN BURMAH.

The European is keen on sport, but perhaps it is not generally known that the "young 'uns" don't lag far behind. At the Diocesan High School at Rangoon, Association football is very popular during the monsoon, and good teams are brought together. The "A" team of the



"A" TEAM.

school this year defeated the Royal Artillery by five goals to nothing, and the Rangoon Gymkhana by four goals to one. English boys would be delighted with the quickness, vigour, and skill of their brothers in basking Burmah, who have taken to the sport with the greatest zest.



"B" TEAM.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"For Plain Women Only" contains a new philosophy of dress, but, like another book touching the same subject, it shows clothes to be symbols of deep and weighty matters. Indeed, nine-tenths of the philosophy of a woman's life is contained in these conversations of an aunt and a nephew, which "George Fleming" so vivaciously reports. Aunt Lavinia must live. She is a sage, a humorist, a woman of the world, boundlessly sympathetic and terribly formidable. Hers is a particularly courageous view of life, stimulating, quick-blooded. "Une bataille perdue c'est une bataille que l'on croit perdue," she quoted thoughtfully. "Napoleon said it, and I should like to paint it up, in letters of phosphorescent paint, above the wardrobe door of every plain woman in the kingdom. . . . O poor, unintelligent, unawakened, Plain Woman of England!" cried my aunt, apparently addressing the gas-stove, "yours, indeed, is a pitiful, a ludicrously pitiful, case. . . . It is you who give up the fight, who plunge yourself into those depths of abject



REEDBUCKS AND SCREAMING EAGLE.

From "A Breath from the Veldt." By John Guille Millais.

submission. . . . You are hopelessly resigned, hopelessly good-natured, hopelessly unimportant, and hopelessly badly dressed." This may be the keynote of Aunt Lavinia's discourses, but it does not even suggest the depths of philosophical insight and the rousing wit of the charming old lady's conversation. George Fleming has written a very brilliant book, and the future writers for the Mayfair Set will have to bestir themselves to make their work fit company for it.

Mr. John Davidson is perhaps speaking for himself, and not only for his Fleet Street hero, Menzies, when he pities the fairies even more than he pities wretched men—

The eates they eat and the wine they drink,
Savourless nothings are.

The elves, besides the endless woe
Of the unfulfilled behest,
Have only a phantom life, and so
They neither can die nor rest.

The earth as it is interests him keenly. "The wonderful land of spells" he does not mentally place in some other sphere or in a long-forgotten past. "In the heart of the world is that gracious land," says

his cheerful enthusiasm. None of the poets of our time love the earth and its dwellers more. Their doings, joys, sorrows, labours, and debates are quite good enough to make poetry out of, he thinks. And perhaps this explains why he is the best singer of country things that is left to us. Mr. Gale loves the hedges and their inmates and their blossoms just as well, but the slight affectation in his pretty verse-forms tires us sooner. Then there are others to whom Nature speaks more mysterious things, whom she thrills more by her secret presence. But not one loves the obvious glance of her eye more than Mr. Davidson. No one tells of her changing garbs more delightfully, or knows how to thread his way more joyously in her tangled gardens. I am not attempting in a few words to write a critique of the second series of "Fleet Street Eclogues" (Lane). The book is small, but big enough for divers notes to sound in it, and some controversial ones. Yet, in a line or two, one can at least express gratitude for the happiness which some of his pictures are living enough to give. Be the sum of his qualities what it may, he is in one thing pre-eminent. Let who will be the poet of Nature's soul, he knows her face, and can make us know it. Like many a Scot, he has fallen in love with the winsomeness of the English country. Scenes among the Chilterns, the Quantocks, and amid Kentish gardens will never be bettered by poets bred on their own soil. Now and again he can give the spirit as well as the letter, and can suggest the history of the country as well as the season of the year, as in—

The very ploughman holds his plough
As proudly as a lance;
The milkmaid bears a dreamy brow,
Inheriting romance.

He has his crudities, and I don't think them all poetical; but in him you meet, at least, a man who is

Hemmed in by mountains; waylaid by the sun;
Environed and beset by moon and stars;
Whispered by winds and summoned by the sea.

Mr. Gissing's latest story, "Sleeping Fires" (Unwin), may be accounted a slight thing, but perhaps it marks a turning-point in his work. His most outstanding characteristic has been a detestation of the sordid; and some inner force, not to be gainsaid, has driven him to write of little else save sordid things. A vein of brightness, however, has run through his latest stories, and now we have one which, if it be melancholy enough in its incidents, has at least a setting of beauty. Some of the scenes are actually laid in the sunlight of Athens, and the bitter struggle for even a grimy life is only seen afar off. His longing for beauty is expressed directly, not in the negative form of painful revelling in the description of smallness and ugliness. Mr. Gissing did good work by his old method; but perhaps he may do the same more effectively by his newer one. "Health and joy are the true repentance," he makes his hero say.

The one prominent writer which Scotland has given as yet to the new Celtic Renaissance is Miss Fiona Macleod. She is fairly productive. "Pharais" is hardly two years old, I think, and now we have her third volume, "The Sin Eater," a collection of short stories issued by Messrs. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, to whom we owe "The Evergreen." One would have said that the kind of thing she has to give would not have been popular, that it might even have seemed a little ridiculous to English readers. But if you turn, in the advertisement pages, to the critics' opinions of her earlier books, you hear a chorus of fervent praise. One is glad to echo much of it. There is excellent material in her work—material for poetry, that is to say, not for fiction, as fiction is generally understood. She gets at the heart of a superstition and a legend; she reads just that part of the heart of the Scottish Highlanders which the tourist in his dealings with them cannot guess; and then she has a fine notion of music in words and phrases. She exaggerates the softer sides of her characters; of Highland devilry she has little notion. And, for all its prettiness and music, her work is, I think, as yet only unwelded material.

Two years ago Mr. John Guille Millais jumped at a rash conclusion. He fancied that Mr. Selous had said the last word about South Africa, and in that belief he went out to the Cape. But he had not been six hours in Cape Town before he found himself sketching "the funny little ways of the cormorants" disporting themselves on the beach. "If they interest me," reflected Mr. Millais, "perhaps they will somebody else," and such was the genesis of the too ponderous but withal readable and interesting tome which the naturalist has written and illustrated—"A Breath from the Veldt." By John Guille Millais, F.Z.S. London: Henry Sotheran and Co. The author makes no pretensions to literary, or even to great artistic proficiency, but there is an easy geniality and a truth to nature about his work that render it at once pleasant and instructive. Mr. Millais has indeed succeeded, by dint of keen observation, in finding something fresh to say about South Africa, and his tales of bird and beast and man justify the picturesque title of the work. It is, indeed, "a breath from the Veldt." Sir John Millais contributes to his son's book a fine frontispiece, entitled "The Last Trek."

"DELIGHTFUL" TREATMENT FOR
CURING CORPULENCE.

The process of curing any physical disorder is so generally the converse of "delightful" that the use of this and similar terms in reference to Mr. F. C. Russell's now popular treatment for corpulency naturally attracts special attention. These terms are to be found in a large number of the letters included in the just issued eighteenth edition of Mr. Russell's little volume of 256 pages, "Corpulency and the Cure" (Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.) These communications are from persons of both sexes, and it is apparent that their number is represented by thousands annually, who have found in this system of treatment a safe, rapid, and permanent cure for excessive fatness. This testimony forms in the aggregate, indeed, a wonderful record of the rapid reduction of excessive adipose tissue, and those who have personal reasons for being interested in the subject should send to the above address six penny stamps for a copy (post free) of Mr. Russell's notably suggestive little book. "I think the treatment most delightful," writes one out of a large number of equally enthusiastic correspondents. And the expressions, "Admirable tonic," "Splendid stuff," "A delicious beverage, mixed with mineral waters," are of constant recurrence in this singularly interesting correspondence. The details given by many of the writers of these letters as to the results of the treatment fully justify the use of such eulogistic phrases. It must certainly be delightful to experience the sensation of losing unnecessary and dangerous fat by pounds per week, and frequently stones per month, and that by the aid of treatment which simultaneously increases the appetite and renders its reasonable indulgence innocuous. The experience, too, must be rendered still more delightful by the knowledge, which may be gained from a perusal of Mr. Russell's book, that his preparation is a pure vegetable product, without any admixture of the mineral poisons which are too frequently administered. With a candour which also is delightful, Mr. Russell prints in his book the recipe for the preparation.

Extract from "Brighton Examiner," Aug. 9, 1895.
ALCOHOLISM AND OBESITY.

It is often rashly asserted that drunkenness is uncommon on the European Continent, and that, in particular, it is a rare vice in France. Certain medical therapeutists and specialistic scientists have, however, recently furnished some suggestive statistics which flatly contradict the cherished beliefs of those who have persistently proclaimed the sobriety of the French people. Dr. Lancereaux, at the French Academy of Medicine, having made a special study of the subject, declares that in his extensive hospital practice out of 20 patients 10 are, on an average, suffering from some form of alcoholic poisoning—women being responsible for a large proportion of the enormous consumption of alcohol thus indicated. The learned doctor sums up the results on the population at large as representing a mortality greater than that caused by the greatest epidemics, the ruin of labour, and—what is already startlingly evident in France—the steady diminution of the very population of the country. Other authorities, again, assert that with the annual increase in the consumption of spirits, to the extent of nearly 500,000 gallons in various liquors, there has been a corresponding increase of corpulence. This appears to make alcohol responsible for the troublesome and sometimes dangerous increase of unhealthy adipose tissue on the strength of the somewhat slipshod theory of the affinity of alcohol for oxygen in the system. It is certainly worthy of note that some of the most eminent authorities on the Continent and in America absolutely debar the corpulent from drinking alcohol in any shape or form; while on the other hand one of the most prominent and successful specialists in England boldly and flatly contradicts, on this point, his professional brethren. He permits those undergoing his treatment to drink the spirits of their choice—although he does not advocate the use of these beverages. The result of his experiments is that he can reduce a person's weight from 3 lb. to 6 lb. in a week, although the patient may drink alcohol even to excess; nor will any extra decrease in weight be experienced by a restriction of the amount of drink consumed. His aim is to attack corpulence at its very root, and to achieve this he does not approve of such a drastic measure as the sudden and indiscriminate stoppage of a person's accustomed spirituous drink; for there are many

who have so habitually used themselves to their "dram" that its prohibition is unquestionably a great hardship, if not actually dangerous. Again, he takes exception to the action of the majority of specialists in dealing with obesity, in prescribing a limited diet. To this he takes exception on the very reasonable ground (to quote from his clever 256-paged book, entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," by F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.) that with the reduction of fat by his process, the most unhealthy portions of this excess tissue, such as those which clog the vital organs, begin to waste first, and, as a consequence, the entire system becomes healthier within the first twenty-four hours of the treatment. Then immediately the patient begins to be exhilarated by such symptoms as the freedom of breathing, the stronger and steadier action of the heart, the feeling of lightness, the absence of the sense of oppression—each organ performing its duty with increased regularity. He finds himself aroused suddenly from a lethargic heaviness and morbid drowsiness which have probably lasted for years; he feels, as it were, born anew, and instantly becomes more active and buoyant, both in body and mind—all of which pleasurable sensations are naturally accompanied by an increase of appetite. It is not necessary to be a scientist or a medical expert to adopt the common-sense view of these matters. "Would you, then," argues Mr. Russell, "in the case of a person who for years, perhaps, has never known what a healthy appetite means, deprive him of food when Nature appealingly holds forth her hands, literally begging for it? No! those who reduce fat by starvation pay for their folly at usurers' interest when meeting the bills drawn against them on the Bank of Longevity. Let other specialists prescribe this; I will not countenance it," says Mr. Russell. Notwithstanding the increased amount of food taken daily, the weight, under the operation of his system, is steadily reduced, to which unerring testimony is given by the weighing-machine. His success is all the more remarkable because the whole secret consists in the use of a few herbal roots and a simple vegetable acid. We believe it is the only system of reducing obesity—and it is a very pleasant system—which is certain in its results and brings no after-penalties. We commend his book to our readers. It may be obtained post free by sending six penny stamps to Mr. Russell.

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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

DRESSES IN THE NEW ADELPHI PLAY.

We have had little, if any warning of its approaching end: in fact, just lately, it seems to have burst forth into renewed life and almost aggressive vigour; and yet, for all that, the days of the Great Sleeve are numbered, and it is doomed to an early death. Well, it has had a long life, and a merry one; reigned over us all in most despotic fashion, and



MISS MILLWARD IN "ONE OF THE BEST," AT THE ADELPHI.

been responsible for one long civil war between the coat and the dress sleeves. And now it is all over, for the Maison Jay has risen up and declared that the order of the sleeves shall be changed; and against their decree there is no appeal in the kingdom of Fashion.

Therefore, make up your mind to the inevitable, in the shape of a new sleeve, the form and fashion of which is pictured for you in our first sketch this week, a sketch representing one of the four uniquely lovely gowns which Messrs. Jay have created for Miss Jessie Millward's wear in the new Adelphi piece which came out on Saturday. I am glad that I can give you the very first view of them.

And now, as to this most important question of the sleeves. In this first dress, as you will see, there is no suggestion of fulness, the arm being outlined closely and faithfully from shoulder to wrist by transparent mauve chiffon, slightly shirred, and finished off, just where it reaches the hand, by a little cascade-frill of kilted chiffon and the most minute of tie-bows. I can almost hear the ghost of the Great Sleeve crying aloud in anguish at the sight; and I think we will add our own little moan, for, honestly, I do not think that the new sleeve is as becoming as its bulky predecessor, though, doubtless, the time will come when we shall think quite differently.

But our bodice must be completed, and it is fashioned of the soft mauve chiffon, the throat left quite bare, and with just a little kilted frill in the front and at the back of the neck, while over the shoulders is drawn a graceful, triply frilled fichu of white chiffon, which is caught into a waistband of dark violet ribbon-velvet, fastened with a small gold buckle, and, in front, is continued into little cascade-ends at each side. The skirt is of Pompadour glacé, with broad stripes of white, finely striped with black, and patterned with a shower of tiny single blossoms, alternating with other and equally broad stripes where, on a plain white ground, appears a blurred design of small bouquets of many-coloured flowers. It is a lovely fabric, and its beauty is enhanced by the wonderful arrangement of the stripes, which form a series of V's.

The hat is a fitting crown to such a gown—a quaintly lovely affair, as it is, of white Leghorn, bordered with mauve, and with three rows of

narrow velvet ribbon encircling the crown, and each one terminating in a tiny bow, while under the brim, at the left side, are massed together some exquisite carnations in pink, heliotrope, and violet. Please note the coquettish angle at which it is perched upon the head, and also the arrangement of Miss Millward's hair, which, after being drawn back in loose waves from the forehead and over the ears, is tied with black ribbon-velvet and dressed low in the neck.

The other dress is an entire contrast, and there is a touch of the old Puritan about it which is very fascinating. The material is pale forget-me-not blue cloth, and the bodice has a pouch-front opening over a full vest of white lisse and adorned at each side with many little rows, or rather straps, of fine white braid, each finished with a wee pearl button, the same design appearing again in the front and at the sides of the little plain basques, and, for the third and last time, on the sleeves, which are modest relations of the bishop family, and are drawn into deep cuffs of pure white linen, edged with dark string-coloured lace. There is a deep collar, too, of the linen and lace, and just beneath it, at the left side of the bodice, there comes a chou bow of white satin ribbon, which in itself would have stamped the dress as the production of the Maison Jay, to say nothing of the tightly drawn band of ribbon which encircles the waist and finishes off in loop-ends at the right side.

A third dress is a poem materialised into écaru spotted muslin, the bodice boasting of the very deepest and loveliest waistband which—even at Jay's—I have ever seen. It is of black velvet, and the entire front is occupied by a gold buckle, huge in size and square in shape, while just above this band the bodice is surrounded by two little frills edged and headed with ribbon velvet—most uniquely effective they are, I can assure you—and then the soft fulness of the top is drawn into a little neck frill of muslin and velvet. As to the sleeves, they boast originally of a few soft and diminutive puffings, which merge into drawn transparent folds, finishing with a little velvet-bound frill, which falls over the hand, almost to the knuckles; while as to the skirt, its softly hanging fulness is bordered with a little frill, edged, of course, with the velvet. Then imagine,



ANOTHER OF MISS MILLWARD'S GOWNS.

as a finishing touch to this loveliest of gowns, a hat with a brim of drawn muslin, piped with black velvet, which forms a perfect square, and which for trimming has simply a twist of black velvet around the crown, tying in high loops in front.

And, lastly, there is a violet cloth gown, the side gores of the skirt bound with narrow black moiré ribbon, and the bodice having a corselet on which are laid several rows of the ribbon, finishing in front in a series of tiny bows, in each of which flashes a wee diamond buckle. The corselet is turned

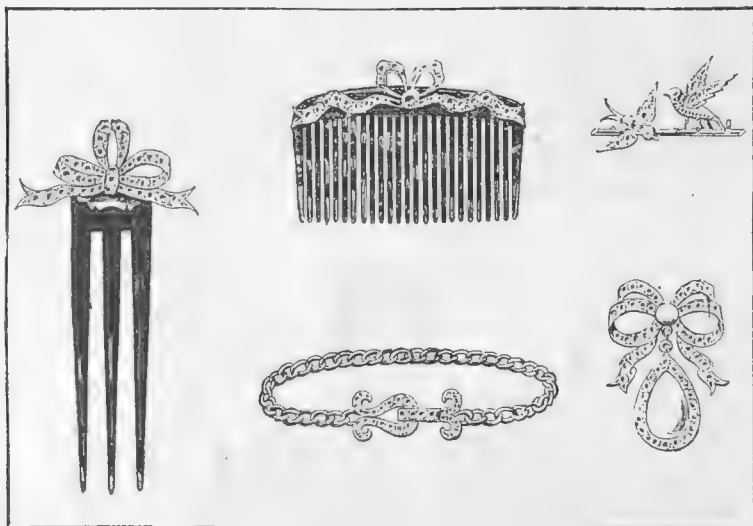
over at the top in a sort of rever, and above this comes a foam of softly draped white chiffon, the sleeves—of the same fashion as those in our first sketch—being of plissé chiffon. If you add, in imagination, a smart little cloth cape, lined with white satin, and held on at each side of the shoulders in front with a diamond buckle (for it would not dare to veil the beauties of that bodice-front), and bound with black moiré, and a hat of white moiré, lined with black velvet, and with a great scarf of exquisite real lace drawn round the crown and tied in an enormous bow at the back, the tale of Miss Millward's new gowns will be told, and, indeed, it forms most instructive reading, for in it Dame Fashion has disclosed her future plans; so, as a result, you know what to expect from her during the forthcoming season.

ABOUT NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

It generally happens—even in the best-regulated families, I am sorry to say—that some friend or relative, who, by every law of expediency or gratitude, should have been remembered at Christmas-time, is overlooked, and it invariably turns out that this same person heaps unconscious coals of fire upon your head by sending you a particularly pretty gift.

Fortunately, the New Year gives you an opportunity of rectifying the mistake, and so, as your time is short, and the demands upon it at this season are very great, I think that a few words about some gifts which would be certain to meet with a warm welcome may possibly save you some trouble.

So, first, may I take you, in the spirit, meanwhile your body is reposing in a comfortable chair by a cosy fire, to the home of the "Faulkner" diamonds, at Kimberley House, 98, The Quadrant, Regent Street, there to be introduced to some altogether charming new jewellery,



notably a gold curb bracelet, fastened in the centre, in most novel fashion, with a diamond hook-and-eye, while a particularly pretty side-comb is bedecked with a true-lovers' knot in diamonds? I am morally certain that a mere glance at the designs will make you feel that both bracelet and side-combs are necessities of existence: and, fortunately, for once in a way, you can attain to your desire, for the bracelet will only cost you seventy shillings, and the hair-combs thirty-two shillings!

So who would not be in the fashion, and let diamonds flash on every available portion of their attire? Not many people, evidently, for the "Faulkner" diamonds are more popular than ever this season, as well they may be.

But, if you only want to spend fifteen shillings, two little diamond birds, on a gold safety-pin brooch, will fly into your possession for this sum; while, to go to the other extreme, the most ambitious tastes could surely be satisfied by the handsome brooch, or corsage ornament, where three turquoises are set in flashing diamonds, and from which hangs as pendant one great pearl.

There was, too, a rising-sun comb, which was a splendid return for £8 10s., and which would lend itself with most graceful effect to the present style of hairdressing; and some antique rings, with tiny hand-painted miniatures set round with diamonds, which seemed to me to be particularly desirable, to say nothing of one gift, which you could with advantage present to some male relative who had a weakness for pretty scarf-pins.

In the first case he is provided with, say, an emerald pin, set with diamonds; but when he, man-like, desires a change, this emerald can be taken out and a ruby, sapphire, turquoise, or black or white pearl substituted in its place, the pin, in its case, with all the different stones, being actually only fifty shillings. There are name-brooches, too, in diamonds for twenty-five shillings—in fact, scores of other desirable and cheap things with which you can either become acquainted by means of a personal visit or by the perusal of one of Mr. A. O. Faulkner's catalogues. There is a new one just out, I may inform you.

And while on the subject of jewellery, I may just tell you that if you want to present anyone with a thoroughly good, serviceable watch, and yet you find your purse woefully light after Christmas outlay, there is always the Midland Company, of Vyse Street, Birmingham, to supply you with a gentleman's silver keyless demi-hunting watch for fifty

shillings, while for twenty-five shillings you can have a thoroughly reliable silver keyless watch for either a gentleman or lady.

Who could want more?

Or, again, if you have a friend who is literary—or who wishes to be—you can expend the modest sum of half-a-guinea upon one of the "Pelican" self-feeding pens, which should certainly help his or her ideas to flow smoothly and swiftly. It will not be the fault of the pen if this is not the case. The "Pelican" is to be found at all stationers', so you need not go far in search of it.

In the way of perfumes, I wonder if you have yet made the acquaintance of the new "Crown Violet," which is the production of that same Crown Perfumery Company, of 177, New Bond Street, which has cured endless headaches by its famous Lavender Salts, of most blessed memory and still more blessed reality. If not, the best thing you can do is to treat yourself and your friends to a bottle both of the "Crown Violet" and the "Crown Lavender Salts."

As I cannot better this advice, I will let it be my last message to you this week, save and except a very hearty wish that one and all of you, my readers, may have the best and brightest of Christmas good cheer, only to be excelled by your New Year happiness.

FLORENCE.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

The best type of British workman is a man we must admire. Other types rouse our indignation or laughter, according to circumstances. Last week I devoted a quarter of an hour to certain workmen employed on a building in course of erection less than a thousand miles from Piccadilly Circus. Proceedings were carried on at a slow and dignified pace. Every man did his duty and no more. While I was admiring everything, a cart came up heavily laden with bricks, and certain men began to unload. The *modus operandi* was simple enough. The first man stood in the cart, picked up three bricks, and threw them to the second man, who passed them on to a third, who arranged them in a heap. The throwing was precise, and the business simple, though it seemed worthy of a few minutes' attention from the *faneur*. Suddenly the big clock in the neighbourhood started to chime midday. The second man was throwing the three bricks to the third. As the third man caught them, number two stood erect and stretched himself. Meanwhile number one had thrown the last three bricks in the cart, and they fell on the ground at the feet of number two, one of them smashing. Number two workman looked at number one workman with a fine expression of scorn. "You adjectived adjectived concrete noun!" he remarked in bricklayer language, "didn't you hear the adjectived clock strike the adjectived dinner-hour?" And I was the only person who found the remark humorous.

B.

"LORD HATHERTON."

A record price for a dog was realised at the Birmingham Dog Show the other day. Three dogs were put up for sale. The keenest competition was for the possession of Mr. R. S. Williamson's St. Bernard, "Lord Hatherton," a young dog born in February last, which has carried all before it at the show, and is said by competent authorities to be the best St. Bernard ever exhibited. The catalogue price was £210. There were three or four bidders, and after a spirited bidding the dog was ultimately disposed of for £470 to Mr. Joseph Royle, of Oldham Road, Manchester. This is said to be the largest price that has ever been realised for a St. Bernard at any show auction sale.



Photo by Dawson, Huddersford.

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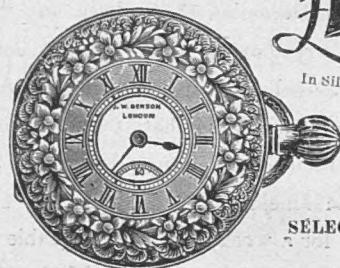
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Contributed by LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, SIR CHARLES DILKE, CARDINAL VAUGHAN, VICE-ADMIRAL COLOMB, WILLIAM O'BRIEN, ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR, MADAM SARAH GRAND, GRANT ALLEN, W. CLARK RUSSELL, RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, "NUNQUAM," COLONEL HOWARD VINCENT, &c., &c.

This symposium will contain important expressions of opinion on the future relations of Great Britain, the United States, and Canada.

Cross-Examination of AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, Q.C., M.P., by E. L. BRAXON, &c., &c.

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Offices.—Editorial and Management: Amberley House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C.

Publishing: 24, Boulevard Street, W.C.

That Common Queerness.

If, in the month of January 1820, Mr. James Bell had been requested to stand with his heels in contact, his feet forming a right angle, his eyes being closed, and so to remain one minute *without swaying from side to side*, he would no doubt have been unable to do it. That performance is a rather trying test of one's nervous condition; and yet it would not have followed that our friend was liable to *locomotor ataxia*, with the alarming outlook that goes with it.

Yet at the date mentioned he felt very dizzy and queer in his head—so much so, indeed, that when walking along the street he feared he should fall to the ground. The ailment of which this dizziness was one of the results had made no sudden or fierce onset upon him at all. At first he merely felt unusually tired, heavy, and weary, with a poor appetite and a sense of weight at the chest, chiefly after eating. His tongue was furred, and considerable phlegm formed in his mouth, accompanied, as we should expect, with a foul, nauseous taste.

"I was frequently sick," he adds, "and spat up a sour, biting fluid that made my throat smart and burn. After going on like this for nearly a year, an abscess broke out on my chest, giving me a deal of trouble. From this time on I had a

very miserable experience, not always the same, however, as I felt a little better now and then, with intervals of relapse. In pursuit of the proper treatment I attended the hospital in Wilson Street, Finsbury, for a while, but received no noticeable benefit from it. In December 1891, almost two years after I fell ill, I read of the good effects produced by Mother Seigel's Syrup in cases of this kind. Anxious to try anything that held out a hope of recovery, I procured the Syrup from Mr. Ling, the chemist in Hackney Road, and, after taking it faithfully for a week, I felt much better. My appetite revived, and the food I took (cautiously as yet) agreed with me and gave me much-needed strength. To sum up, I kept right along with this medicine, and with increasing strength the dizziness left me, and I was soon able to walk and work as well as ever. The abscess of which I have spoken healed gradually, and at last disappeared altogether. I frankly admit that Mother Siegel's Syrup practically made a new man of me. Since then I have been able to eat anything without any distress or bad feeling whatever. You are at liberty to publish what I say if you think it may advantage others. (Signed) James Bell, Bootmaker, 25, Holms Street, Hackney Road, London, January 8, 1895."

Another person who passed through the same trouble as Mr. Bell (beginning about a year earlier) concludes his letter in these words: "I

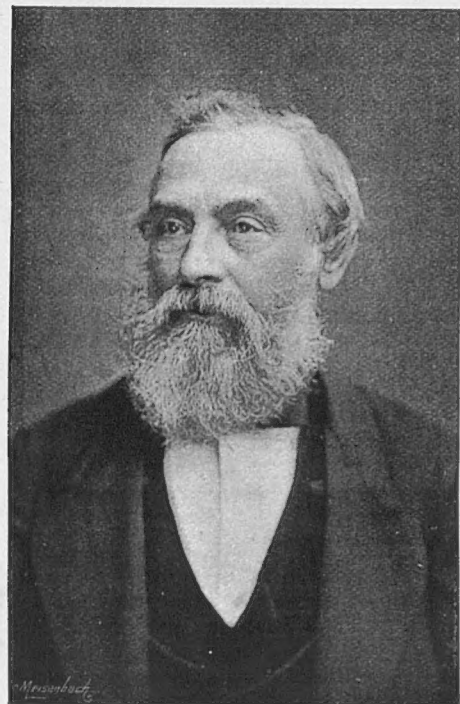
lost much flesh and became so weak that it was all I could do to keep up with my work. I felt wretchedly dull and depressed, and took no genuine pleasure in anything. I took medicines enough to cure me, goodness knows, if there had been any virtue in them; but seemingly there was not, for the best they did was to give me a little ease for the time being. Having had three years of misery and pain, I began almost to despair of ever seeing another really well day, when in February 1892 I first read of the remarkable success which had attended the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup in cases of this kind. Procuring the remedy from Mr. Vialls, Stanhope Street, Strand, I took it, and was decidedly better in a few days, and on finishing a second bottle I was all right, and have ailed nothing since. I willingly accord you permission to publish these facts. (Signed) F. S. Clark, 174, Camberwell New Road, London, S.E., Jan. 17, 1895."

Now, the pity in these cases, and in thousands on the back of thousands just like them, is that people should suffer so badly and so long when (as the result shows) they can be cured so quickly and easily by Mother Seigel's Syrup. The disease—the old and dangerous deceiver, indigestion or dyspepsia—never lets up in his evil work, and is as sly as a thief in the night. Arrest it at the door-sill; and, as for knowing about Mother Seigel's Syrup, read the papers—*read the papers!*

"A KNIGHT OF THE AIR." *

Mr. Henry Coxwell, the veteran aéronaut, whose ascents in company with the late Mr. James Glaisher are memorable matters of history, has written a story entitled "A Knight of the Air," to demonstrate the superiority of balloons over flying-machines as aerial vehicles. The long

line of men "who have panted for wings," from Dædalus to Mr. Hiram Maxim, come under Mr. Coxwell's summary ban; perhaps he is a little hurried in his dismissal of them. Like a true balloonist, he pins his faith to the silken sphere, and lets aeroplanes go hang. The story proper concerns itself with the fortunes of one Harry Goodall—the son of a wealthy merchant, who causes grave anxiety to his relatives by his fervid passion for sky-voyaging—and with his endeavour to thwart the somewhat motiveless villainy of two thorough-paced scoundrels. Plot and counterplot succeed plot and counterplot in almost bewildering fashion, and a couple of detectives dodge from chapter to chapter and add to the general disorder in the old-established manner



MR. HENRY COXWELL.

Photo by Negretti and Zambra, Holborn Viaduct.

of the British officer of justice. Of course, there is a thread of love interest, which, after many knotty entanglements (kidnapping of the heroine by the master villain, &c.), is unravelled by the hand of poetic justice. Some scenes in the story have an air of increased verisimilitude by being enacted at the Crystal Palace; one ascent, in particular, wears the guise of truth, and Mr. Coxwell hastens to emphasise it by mentioning, as among the interested spectators, several gentlemen well known in literary and social circles. On matters of pure aéronautics none may speak with more authority than Mr. Coxwell; and, perhaps, it is for this reason one wishes that he had been more explicit in his description of the flying-machine on pages 99 and 100. This, the newest of air-boats, is shot from a gigantic steel cross-bow! The idea is certainly audacious, and should appeal to the fertile imagination of the Dædalus of Dartford.

AN OLD-FASHIONED WINE-PRESS.

Midway between Dijon, the ancient capital of the short-lived Kingdom of Burgundy, and the town of Beaune stands the old white Château of the Clos de Vougeot, in the centre of enclosed vineyards. The château is a link between modern and mediæval France. It is a monument to the intelligence of the monks who settled there about the year 1200, and who showed something more than disinterested wisdom in picking out this particular spot on the hillside. The monasteries of the Middle Ages were not merely the headquarters of a religious order. The monks held a monopoly of the best wine, as well as of learning. Was it not monks who discovered the wonderful properties of champagne, and have they not found other kinds of fine wines and given us many delicious liqueurs? The monks of St. Bernardin de Cîteaux, who made the Clos de Vougeot, were not less intelligent than this class. They built a magnificent château for themselves, and, judging by the size of their wine-presses, which still exist, must have done a big trade in wine, or consumed an enormous quantity themselves. A large part of the original château, which dates from the thirteenth century, remains, and shows that the monks lived in regal style. Their kitchen, which still contains their cooking apparatus, is larger than that of the Dukes of Burgundy at their palace in Dijon, and is capable of roasting several whole oxen at the same time. The Government of the Revolution dismantled their château, and chipped off the emblems of their order which were carved on the marble mantelpieces and over the doorways. The Revolutionists claimed the château, the vineyards, the wine, and everything else about the place—except the monks—as national property, and the Cîteaux are now occupied in the

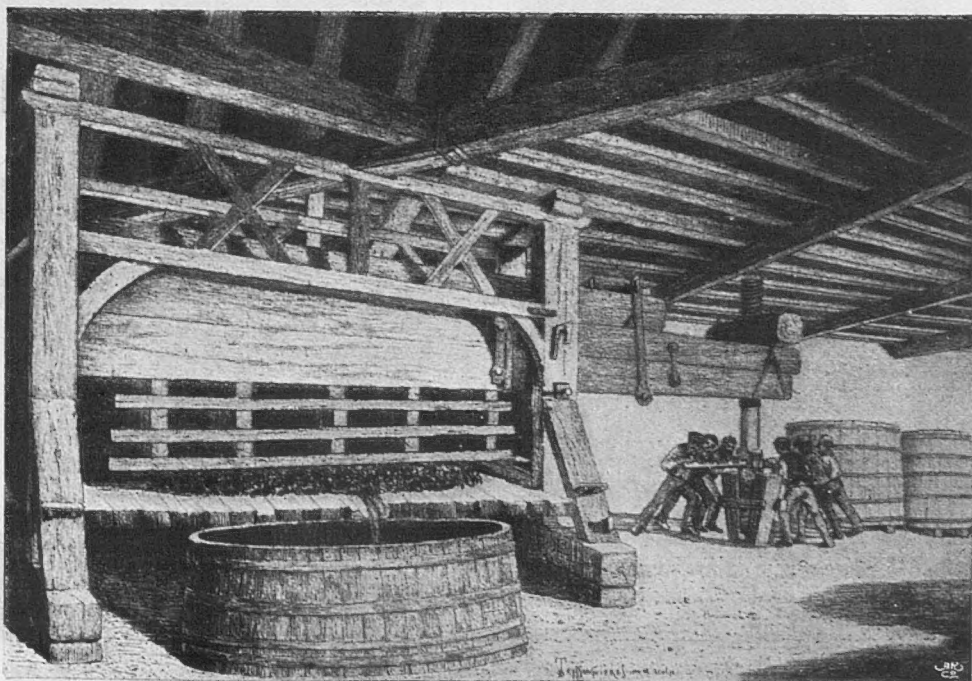
neighbourhood with reforming bad boys, in which capacity they are probably doing more benefit to humanity than when they were in the wine trade. The Revolutionists respected the monks' colossal wine-presses. They are the same to-day as they were in the fourteenth century, and are undoubtedly the largest in existence. There are four of them, one in each corner of a large square press-room, and they are sufficient evidence of the large scale upon which the monks carried on their wine business. It would be difficult to-day to find beams large enough to build such huge *pressoirs*. The weight of the logs, which are knit together with wooden pegs, must be prodigious, and it requires twenty men to turn the screw and increase the pressure when the monster machine is working. The modern wine-press is a plaything compared with these products of monastic craftsmanship. One of these presses will squeeze out a hogshead of wine every time it is filled with grapes.

Wine-making is carried on to-day pretty much as it was in the days of the monks. The only additional machinery in use in this part of Burgundy is a small machine with a screw, which crushes the grapes before they are passed through the wine-press. Another modern invention—or miracle—is that more of the choicest wines with celebrated names are sold in one year than could be produced in ten.

When the juice of the grape remains in vats for a few days, it ferments, and then men go into the vats stark naked and trample down the thick elements which rise to the top. The reason for this operation is that otherwise the vats would overflow and the wine would be lost, and nothing, it seems, can be found to replace the action of the hands and feet in this work. The carbonic acid which rises over the vat is so strong that the men have to be fanned while at work.

No improvement has been introduced in the system of cultivating the grapes any more than in making the wine. The production of good wine, given a suitable climate, depends entirely on the soil. On this little strip of hillside between Dijon and Beaune there are many varieties of wine produced, such as Chambertin, Musigny, Richebourg, Nuits, Corton, Pommard, Volnay, Romanée, Meursault, Santenay, Vougeot, and others which are well known, but there is only one kind of grape grown, the Black or White Pineau. What appears to the lay mind to be the poorest kind of soil produces the best wines. The change in the nature of the soil is so well defined and abrupt that two adjoining fields will produce distinct kinds of wine. One may be a hard wine, which will need five years to mature; the other, a thin wine, which will be dead in that time. The vitality of the vines is wonderful, and those which the monks planted are still bearing grapes. Many of the vineyards which were devastated by the phylloxera have been reconstituted—that is, American vines, strong enough to withstand the attack of the insects, have been grafted on old stems. The monks' vines have been protected by chemicals. Each plant grows about three feet high, and carries near the stem two or three small bunches of black grapes. The vines are cut down to the ground every year after the *vendanges*.

After the Government of the Revolution took possession of the château, the property was sold, and the money is supposed to have found its way to the National Exchequer. It was bought by a family named Ouvrard, and the *cachet* "J. Ouvrard" still marks the wine which it produces. In 1890 the property was put up to auction, and is now split up among sixteen owners. The château and the adjoining vineyards, about a third of the whole, were acquired by M. Léonce Bocquet, one of the most wealthy proprietors in the Côte d'Or, who has, at great cost, and as a labour of love, restored the ancient château, which had been allowed to fall into a dilapidated condition.



AN ANCIENT WINE-PRESS.

* "A Knight of the Air." By Henry Coxwell. London: Digby Long, and Co.

A DOLL'S HOUSE; OR, THE PALACE OF "TRUTH."

Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

When Ibsen's "A Doll's House" was produced in London, *Truth* was far from being an admirer of Ibsen's curious play, and yet Mr. Labouchere has created during the last fifteen years, on behalf of the poor and sick children of London, the biggest doll's house that ever this country has seen. Last week the Albert Hall was converted into a colossal nursery, peopled by a motley crowd of dolls of every size and shape and degree of gorgeousness. One can do no more than single out a few of the more particular beauties. It was inevitable, of course, that Trilby should find a place, for is not her representative's name



"TRUTH" MINSTRELS.

Dolly? There were two dolls dressed as Miss Letty Lind; a group representing Mrs. President Cleveland, her three children and their nurse; a lovely rustic belle, by Miss Jeannie Pellissier; and even the New Woman in riding-breeches was represented. Altogether, there were no fewer than three thousand small dolls and a hundred large ones. Nearly twenty-seven thousand toys and eleven thousand new sixpences from the Mint have been distributed among London's little ones. The example set by Mr. Labouchere has lately been taken up elsewhere, notably by a Baltimore newspaper.



AN ARTIST MODEL, BY MRS. PIERCE; AND DRESDEN CHINA, BY MISS M. LE GRICE.



TRILBY, BY THE MISSES WARBUR.



WORK-BOX, WITH TAPE MEASURE, NEEDLES, PINS, SCISSORS, COTTON, BUTTONS.



A TRIPLET.



THE LULLABY, BY MRS. JULIAN STEPHENS.



A RUSTIC BELLE, BY MISS PELLISSIER.